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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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RT. HON. CECIL JOHN RHODES.

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" ON THE VERANDA OF HIS RESIDENCE, GROOTE SCHNUR, AT RONDEBOSCH, NEAR CAPE TOWN.

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(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

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Disposing of the Ex-Presidents

WE are not so sure that the Hon. GROVER CLEVELAND has not, with the aid of the Trustees of Princeton University, satisfactorily solved the oft-mooted question of "What shall be done with our ex-Presidents?" When a man has occupied so lofty a position as that of Chief Magistrate of a nation, it seems a pity that there should have been no provision made by which, at the expiration of his tenure of office, the public might be assured of a continuance of his service in some capacity which should give to it the fruits of his experience. It is not only hard on the individual to retire from an eminence into the obscurity of private life, but it is a distinct loss to the public that it should be unable to avail itself of the valuable lessons which the Executive must unquestionably have learned while at the helm of state. Undoubtedly the most fitting place for the ex-President to occupy would be a seat in the United States Senate for life, where his voice might be uplifted in behalf of the public service at such times as the outspoken declarations of experience might appear to be appropriate and useful. The chief objection to this lies in the frequency of a narrow majority between the parties, which might be overcome by the presence in the Chamber of a vote representing a party retired from control. This, however, could easily be obviated by making the Senatorship an honorary office, carrying with it all the privileges of the toga save that of the ballot.

Next to this plan, that of having some university absorb the energies of the ex-President appears to be the most commendable. There is something eminently respectable about a college professorship that fits in snugly with one's ideas of the dignity by which a retired statesman should be hedged about. There are a calmness and restfulness about the life of a college town which should prove grateful to the wearied mind and body of the man fresh from exacting duties, and that he should bring all the influence of his late authority to bear upon his deliverances to the young in search of knowledge is beyond all question proper.

It is, of course, too early to draw conclusions as to the specific value of Mr. CLEVELAND's lecture at Princeton on "The Independence of the Executive," but it begins well, and if in the periods to come he gives us as much food for reflection as he has in his first instalment, we shall be greatly edified. We gather one interesting impression from reading Mr. CLEVELAND's paper, and that is that his stubborn opposition to the encroachments of the other branches of the Federal government upon his prerogative was due rather to his inherent regard for the Constitution of the United States than to a love for trouble. There were times during his late occupancy of the White House that we suspected the President of maintaining the trouble reserve at the expense of expediency, and somehow or other, while not desiring him to be more yielding, we found ourselves at times wishing he were less a law unto himself.

The lecture, so far as we have been privileged to see, is an interesting document and a valuable contribution to the existing store of papers on state subjects. Certain obscure matters have been made clear, and we see now that President CLEVELAND was actuated always by irreproachable motives. We begin to realize that he was as jealous a guardian of the Constitution as he was persistent in the defence of the nation's financial honor.

The End of the War

IT is a relief to observe that with General ROBERTS's advance on Pretoria and the annexation of the Free State the Transvaal war is practically over. A sanguinary fight is never a pleasant spectacle, and when the conflict is on between two peoples for both of whom one has the friendliest of feelings, it sooner or later becomes harassing and disturbing to the nerves. Of course the inevitable has happened. When a small boy starts in to fight a professional pugilist, there can be but one issue in this world of realities. We no longer live in the age of David and Goliath; no more are we dwellers within those delectable gates wherein a diminutive and clever hero invariably won a bloody victory over an ogre capable of swallowing him at one gulp. Now that the ultimate is reached, and it is discovered that Mr. KRUGER had no trump card up his sleeve in the shape of a formidable Continental ally, his defiant and insulting attitude of last autumn takes on a suicidal rather than a heroic aspect. It must fairly stagger humanity to think of it, as President KRUGER intimated that it would, but when the intimation was made we presumed he had in mind something more overwhelming to the cause of his enemy than has as yet happened, or is now likely to happen. Either Mr. KRUGER has been suicidally blind to the best interests of his people, or he has been wickedly deceived by some power from which he had reason to expect material assistance. In either event it is a melancholy spectacle which is now presented of two republics, once capable of taking a considerable place among the nations of earth, both filled with citizens of the highest fortitude and of the loftiest character, losing their national existence because of the fatuity of their rulers.

It is to be hoped that in dealing with her fallen foe Britain will take into account the inherent sympathy of most of her sister nations with the vanquished, and will remember that it never yet hurt a victorious people to treat the conquered with magnanimous consideration.

One Good Result

WHATEVER the sympathies of the American people may be in the matter, by no means the least satisfactory result of the war is that it removes the South-African situation from the realms of American politics. There can now be no reasonable excuse for the incorporation of a pro-Boer plank in either of the national party platforms shortly to be adopted. It became quite evident some weeks ago that if the conflict continued certain influential factors in both the great parties were determined upon dragging an issue with which we have no national concern into the Presidential campaign. That we have escaped this probability is a matter for congratulation.

A Good Platform

HOWEVER much we may dislike the methods employed by the Boxers of China in ridding themselves of those who are obnoxious to them, we cannot but admire their platform. If, as is reported, they are out for "righteousness, peace, and fists," they certainly have three planks upon which to stand which place them in strict accord with the principles of civilization. Righteousness and Peace are things for which even the best of us claim to be striving, and there is no use in trying to deny that if we cannot get them in the ordinary way, and according to the most Chesterfieldian usage, the most advanced among the civilized resort to force of arms, and thrash each other into a pious regard for what is right, and into a condition of harmony which the angels might envy, and which no man may disturb save at his peril.

The only trouble with the Boxers appears to be that they have accepted the somewhat unwise teachings of the missionaries, backed by the authority of the Book of Ecclesiastes, and have chosen to "be not righteous overmuch." Yet this is not to their discredit. It is the trouble with most platforms among civilized peoples that most of the fighting is done on a single plank and not upon the structure as a whole. It is to be feared that the Boxers are making the same mistake with their fistic plank that Mr. BRYAN is making with his sixteen to one delusion.

The Poet in High Office

A CLEVER newspaper correspondent, an American living in London, suggests the wondrous fitness of Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING for the exalted office of Premier of the British Empire. This gentleman thinks that Mr. KIPLING's letters from Cape Town show him to be possessed of a statesmanlike grasp of the South-African situation which is not equalled by that of any of the worthy gentlemen in whose hands the destiny of the British Empire now rests. "Not only does he describe what he has seen in South Africa with that wonderful vividness and that inspiration of epithet which always characterize his work," says this enthusiastic correspondent, "but he shows a breadth of statesmanship that would be in its right place in the cabinet. Can it be that Mr. KIPLING is to add to his laurels as poet, and romancer, and journalist, the crown of statesmanship? There are certainly thousands of men who are reading his letters to-day who would decidedly prefer that the rule of the empire should be intrusted to him, rather than to half a dozen of the leaders on both sides of the House of Commons."

This is on the surface a startling proposition, and one which Mr. KIPLING's publishers should work to the very last degree possible. In some quarters it is received with derision, and in others with mere wonderment, and yet it is not so very far from being reasonable, and there is an abundance of precedent for the "literary feller" in high official place. DISRAELI was no end of a novelist, wielding a pen as prolific as that of LAURA JEAN LIBBEY and twice as picturesque. JOHN HAY was a poet long before he became a statesman; and all who are familiar with the official rise of the poet GEOGHEGAN of New York, with the august beauty of his lines, and the high degree of efficiency with which he performs the duties of his office at the Court House, will attest that a purely literary man is not necessarily unfitted for public place simply because he is literary. Mr. KIPLING's advancement to the Premiership would not be half as absurd as Mr. AUSTIN's promotion to the laurel has proven.

Dr. Parkhurst's Departure

THE venerable Dr. PARKHURST has sailed for Europe, and the United States are left to flounder in a morass of corruption without a guiding hand until he gets back. Incidentally, before he left us to fight our moral foes unaided and alone, the Doctor took occasion to express his emphatic disapproval of the President of the United States, of the chief rival of the President of the United States for that high office, of the Mayor of the city of New York, and of Governor ROOSEVELT. The Doctor did not say anything about the eclipse, but it is fair to assume that he disapproved of that also, and we doubt not that by the time he reaches London he will have got his ideas into shape so comprehensively that he may be induced to cable us his opinions as to the obvious defects of the general scheme of the universe. We hope the Doctor will have a profitable and a pleasant trip abroad, and if he truly likes the kind of view he takes of everything, that the sea will not have upon him the usual effect. To lose one's yellow glasses under such circumstances would be sad indeed, since these seem to be the one thing upon which the Doctor dotes.

Meanwhile, should he chance upon a recent essay on Reformers by Governor ROOSEVELT, we trust he will read and appreciate the significance of the paragraph in which the Governor observes that "we must not be diverted from our warfare with these powerful and efficient corruptionists by irritation at the vain prattlers who think they are at the head of the reform forces, whereas they are really wandering in by-paths in the rear."

The term "vain prattlers" is so vividly descriptive, we should be sorry to have Dr. PARKHURST overlook it.

The Right to Call Names

THE distinguished secretary of the Tooley Club of Boston, having been quoted as calling General OTIS an "Automatic Liar," is reported to have said that he considers it his right as an American to call another man anything he chooses. This being the gentleman's platform, one might reasonably expect him to suffer somewhat, since it would superficially seem to remove the bonds which prevent certain people from saying in plain terms what they think he is. This will not happen, however, for those of us who think of this famous Anti-Imperialist at all would not even with his permission state our exact conclusions publicly.

There are some things which should not be allowed to reach the public ear or eye save in some modified form.

THE TRANSVAAL SITUATION

BY WILLIAM DINWIDDIE

SPECIAL COMMISSIONER TO SOUTH AFRICA FOR HARPER'S WEEKLY

A SUCCESSFUL attempt to secure foreign intervention in the present Transvaal crisis, because of sympathies for the Boers, and with a view to establishing them in their independence of government, would mean emphatically the elevation of the less progressive element and the probable forcing out of the country of a population of Americans and Englishmen who, by actual count, outnumber the Boers. These so-called Uitlanders, who are execrated and despised by the Boers, have, in spite of the handicapping of official corruption of a government controlled by a handful of clever Dutchmen, built up, with the resourceful genius of the Anglo-Saxon, the most wonderful and gigantic mining industry in the world, and the very gold they have tortured from the bowels of the earth has furnished President Kruger with his sinews of war. The grimly humorous condition exists of one's enemy threshing you with the club you have yourself put into his hand; for the Boer citizen who is intent on driving every foreigner into the sea, stridently proclaiming "Africa for the Afrikander"—though his real slogan is, "Africa for the Dutch"—has not furnished one cent towards the vast armament of war that has been amassed, but has cleverly made the Americans and Englishmen, who have added to the material advancement of the country without the privilege of representation, pay for every pound of it. What the Boers have done to gain the ready admiration and applause of the people of the United States—for we like courageous men—has been to shoot straight and kill their enemies, who, with equal courage and a sort of brave asininity, charge their impregnable kopjes exactly as the Boers desire them to do. However, because they are skilled with the rifle, fight fearlessly, and stand the hardships of veldt life, through the training of a lifetime, is no warrant that they are capable of governing well or equitably. No sober-minded man would advance the argument that the cowboy at home, quick on the trigger and careless of human life as he is, should be chosen for the settlement of great national problems rather than the citizen with carefully cultured brain, however much the latter might be rated, by his aparejo-decorated friend, as a dough-faced tenderfoot.

Any man familiar with the social and political situation in South Africa, who will cry that the reason for this deplorable conflict was the grasping policy of conscienceless monopolists who were crowding to the wall, for the sake of golden gain, a quiet, peaceful, agricultural people, inspired only by love of country and the desire to live their simple lives unmolested, either lacks the mental grasp requisite to encompass this problem in nation-building, or belongs by nature to that unfortunate type of pessimist who believes that all financial success and material advancement are brought about by the untoward acts of unscrupulous men.

Of course the Jameson raid will always stand as a black blot on the escutcheon of a few millionaires, who tried to steal the Transvaal government by a daring rush. That government has ably rung the changes on this incident, for the benefit of the civilized world, and has gained much sympathy by dramatically displaying alleged wounds which were in reality mere bruises. The raid has been made the excuse for the purchase of immense supplies of munitions of war, though there is evidence that the introduction of such supplies was going on several years prior to this date. It is difficult to find a man in South Africa to-day who does not denounce the Jameson raid in scathing terms, maintaining that it was a freebooting expedition, carried on in the interests of a few men. The movement had many sympathizers in Johannesburg, but the majority of them were in favor of pursuing pacific measures, such as appeals to the Transvaal government for amelioration of existing evils, until it should be proved that such efforts were futile. It is said that President Kruger, becoming alarmed at the growing aggressive spirit of his overwhelming Uitlander population, became quite pliant and was willing to make any concessions demanded. Upon recognizing this, the Johannesburg people were satisfied to await the course of events; but the raiders over the border at Kimberley, also recognizing that a change for the better in the laws of the land meant an immediate loss in support of their daring project to steal a country, decided to move at once. Jameson's four hundred odd men never got to Johannesburg, and the people of that town never raised a finger to help them. That the movement was premature is disclosed by the sudden resurrection of a score of rapid-fire Maxims and fifteen hundred modern rifles at Kimberley when the late siege began. These surplus arms, which failed to be used against the Boers in capturing Pretoria years back, stood the valiant garrison in good stead in defending themselves against the overwhelming numbers of Boers who surrounded them during those weary, desperate weeks recently ended.

Again, the natives of the Transvaal have had, in times past, some just grounds for dislike of the British, but it is most unfortunate that into the minds of their children they have instilled the bitter spirit of enmity against every foreigner, by exaggerating slight wrongs and abuses of a half-century ago into harrowing recitals around the dung-littered hearth-stones of their lonely homes, until the uncouth youngsters have been fired with an evil blood-hatred of all English-speaking men, and take fierce delight in reminiscencing of the glorious victories over the "red necks" at Majuba Hill, and contemplating the day when they will drive them all into the sea. They hate them all, is the only reason they can give for their desire to annihilate the Englishmen. Kruger did not want them annihilated, for to him they represent the revenue of the country, but he wished them regulated in such wise that they may not come into power.

The problem confronting South Africa to-day has a far deeper significance than the mere question as to which race—English or Dutch—shall dominate the territory. The great vital principle underlying this conflict is whether or not a people who have paid for and own over half the geographical area of the Transvaal, who represent considerably over three-fourths of the actual moneyed wealth of the country in permanent improvements, who pay a full nine-tenths of the taxes of the state, and who slightly outnumber the Boer population, shall control that government, or at least have a voice in determining the methods of administration to be pursued. The above is a precise outline of the conditions existing in the Transvaal to-day, and the citizens of the United States, reared upon democratic principles, will have even less hesitancy than the Britisher in declaring that the right to govern belongs to the majority, especially when it is remembered that that majority represents all the material advancement of the country.

Most Englishmen out here frankly admit that technically Great Britain had no right to interfere with the internal administration of the Transvaal government, but they are quite as frank in declaring that official corruption had reached such a height in the Transvaal itself, and the doctrine of solidified South-African republics for the Dutch had been so assiduously nursed, during the last few years, by the agents of the Transvaal Secret Service throughout Cape Colony, Natal, and the Free State, that a serious crisis had been reached, justifying any evasive methods on the part of the "home government" to bring about a general purification of Dutch officialism, even if it required the unshackling of the hounds of war. That the situation was fearfully critical is well exemplified by the single instance that when Kimberley was telegraphing the Colonial officials at Cape Town—who are principally Dutchmen—to ask what steps they proposed to take in providing that town with military protection against the expected attack of the Boers, the replies were all evasive, and pretended not to recognize that the town was in any danger. In any other country a number of the leading men of the Cape Colony Assembly would have been tried and hanged for treason; the leniency of Great Britain towards the subjects of her colonies is impressive. The internal affairs of Cape Colony are controlled by Dutchmen because the elective districts are determined by geographical areas and not by population, and the few Boers of an outlying, scantily populated district have as much voice in the Assembly, through their representative, as have the people of a densely inhabited region on the railroad, mostly settled by Englishmen. It would puzzle even the clever wits of an American politician to gerrymander districts under this method, as the Englishmen live along the railroads, in straight lines, while the Boers' home lie scattered over the veldt, twenty to fifty miles apart.

The people in the United States who are lifting their hands in horror at the slaughter of brave men, and who are demanding that this frightful carnage crease, and that a nation—a sister republic, they call it—whose men make such heroic resistance to preserve the integrity of her institutions, with only a feeble little army pitted against the overwhelming hordes of the British Empire, shall have the right to exist as a nation, are, no doubt, moved by deep and sincere convictions and sympathy for the Boers (we leave out some party politicians who have been doping their marvellous hobby-horses with queer mixtures for a half-dozen years in the hope of landing an electrified winner). The earnest ones, however, measure their perspective, quite naturally, by their own democratic standards, and not—as they probably believe—by those of the Transvaal at all, while the air they breathe to quicken the heart in sympathy for the brave Boer is the air of the republic of the United States, not that of any African republic.

The Transvaal is not a republic, except in empty name. It is an oligarchy, a despotism. As an American, one recognizes that an appeal made to his seventy millions of fellow-countrymen is quick to meet with favor when it is stated that there is a little country on the earth where the inhabitants have struggled through generations for political freedom, with such earnestness of purpose that, when their liberties were threatened, they "trekked" over the dreary, undulating "veldt," leaving their comfortable homes behind, to seek sites for and build up new domiciles in the arid wilderness, among fierce black tribes, who preyed upon them with savage wantonness, killing their innocent children and wives, and after they had conquered this new country by grim determination and courage, they were once more overwhelmed by the sordid seekers after riches, and forced into an unholy war, in the last desperate struggle to retain their national identity, since there was no new country where, as long-suffering martyrs, they might flee. Yes, such an appeal must necessarily prove potent to American hearts that have fought for their own independence and carved out a wonderful republic from virgin soil.

There is another side to this picture, which does not appeal to American principles, however. It is sad that there is a race of white men in this world who prefer to live sodden, unprogressive lives, in squalid homes, whose floors are polished with cow-dung, and whose walls are made of unburnt clays; it is pathetic that a portion of the human stock which has forced civilization onward to the brilliancy of the twentieth century should prefer to live in vicious idleness, on the great desert wastes, without a touch that tends to elevate, without books, without comforts, without music or pictures, but with a God to whom they make blasphemously grotesque appeals upon the slightest provocation. This is the Boer of the veldt. When, however, these people go further, in their fanatical hatred of advancement, and say that the gold under their feet, the diamonds in the hills, and the land which flowers under irrigation—all of which they might have for themselves for the working—shall not be developed by the enterprising, hustling man of modern times, they have forever lost touch and sympathy with America. This is no exaggeration of the Boer life in Cape Colony, in Natal, in the Free State, and in the Transvaal; the majority of them lead lives—long lives—of absolute emptiness, the thought of which makes one shudder. A small contingent in the larger towns possess all the thrifty, obstinate, persevering characteristics of the Dutchmen who make such excellent citizens of the United States. They are content to plod along with small industries, living frugally, and dying content that they have left their children a bit of money in the cracked china teapot. There is a still smaller number who are shrewd, brainy politicians, who understand well how to arouse the phlegmatic temperament of the ignorant Boer to fierce hatred and wrath. These last are capable men, but the degree of fairness with which they present the case of their fellow-men to the world is open to criticism and scepticism.

Returning to the statement that the Transvaal is a republic in name only, it should be realized that President Kruger has now held his high position for many years, with hardly any opposition; when other candidates have presented themselves—some of them very popular men, such as Joubert, for example—the old

President has known well how to put them out of the running. Without the development of the present war he would have held this high position for life, in all probability. President Kruger is the one-man power of the Transvaal; he is the dictator and arbiter of every law which passes the Volksraad; and when the Progressive Commission—all Boers of high standing—made their famous report against the public iniquities being practised in the country under sanction of law, and recommended forcibly that certain wholesale alterations be made in favor of the Uitlanders, the report was immediately suppressed and a new commission appointed, while most of the men who dared to tell the truth have been punished by loss of position.

President Kruger and his followers have established a system of government concessions which surpass, if possible, anything in Spain's colonial possessions as gigantic opportunities for official steals and rake-offs. These are farmed out to individuals, under the specious plea of promoting the industries of the country. One man has an exclusive government concession for the manufacture of sweets and candies, another controls the candle-market, and so on, through all the small trades. Why, a trust or a combine would blush at the profits these men rake in by means of their absolute power to control the selling price of certain commodities!

The railroad is a royal concession, which pays dividends, it is said, of something like two hundred per cent. each year. The selling of dynamite is another, and this concession and that of the railroad have been extremely oppressive to the mine-owner. Dynamite, which can be delivered at the mines for 39 cents for 50 pounds, costs the mine-owner 85 cents. The granting of these concessions was practically in the hands of President Kruger, and it has been carried to such length now that it is an open, festering sore in the Transvaal, where glaring scandal after scandal has been exposed.

Another evil has been the "tout labor system." No mine-owner to-day can secure labor without first ostensibly dealing with a chief of a black tribe, who agrees to furnish so many laborers for the mines at a bonus of from $60 to $80 per head, the rate of wage contracted for being 75 cents a day, or three or four times as much as that paid by the Boers anywhere in the veldt. The money is not paid to the black chief, however, but to a Boer go-between, and no questions are asked.

Again, the selling of liquor to the natives has been a constant and serious drawback to every Uitlander who employs laborers. It is against the law to sell liquor to natives, and yet every mine-owner estimates that twenty per cent. of his high-paid black laborers are totally incapacitated for work during two days of the week by drunkenness. Appeals to Pretoria have been in vain, and as the Secret Service men are the principal agents of the concessioner of liquor, it follows that no arrests are made for illicit selling of intoxicants.

Once more, these mine-owners estimate that five per cent. of their total output of gold is stolen, in the shape of amalgam and refined gold. It has been practically impossible to secure conviction of thieves, even when taken red-handed in robbery, because, as much evidence goes to prove, the Secret Service Department of the government, on which millions have been expended annually during the last few years, is the active agent to whom the gold is sold, while high officials are the principal bankers of the ill-gotten, but well-protected, gains.

It is no wonder that the mine-owner kicks against these outrages, growing heavier every year. He pays heavy land taxes, taxes on improvements, income taxes, taxes on output, and poll taxes. He pays perfectly frightful prices for everything he wears and eats. His railroad expenses, for freight and personal travel, are the highest in the world. The decoration and furniture of his house are secured at abnormal prices. In fact, to exist and continue these profitable mining industries, he has silently permitted himself to be robbed, right and left, for years, knowing that he was furnishing practically the entire revenue of the country, and building up the fortune of every burgher who came inside the charmed official circle—the golden ring of Kruger. Yet, with all this, he was denied the right of any representation or voice in the government. If he had had a say in the administration, it would have meant the death-blow to many corrupt practices. The old President knows this, and is struggling now, in a last grand fight, to keep England out, the Uitlanders in his control, and the wizard's hen that lays the golden eggs in his clutches.

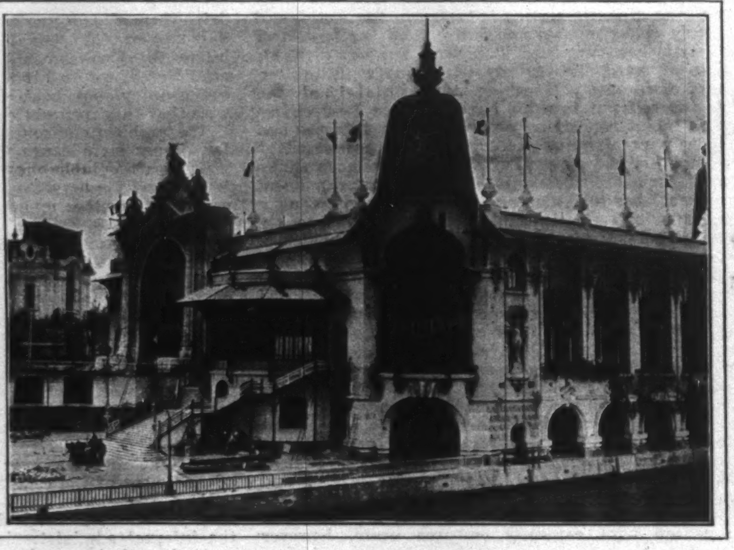
The Boer farmer contributes hardly a thing to the treasury of his government; the laws have all been framed so that he shall never bear the burdens of taxation, and thereby become disgruntled with the nation's guiding hand. He may even (if hard up) borrow money from the government on his landed estate (which consists, usually, of from 10,000 to 16,000 acres of unfertile, arid land, over which a few cattle graze, and a home-place of mud, with half an acre of slightly cultivated garden-patch), if he states that he needs it for improvements. With his slovenly habits of mind and body, it is no wonder that he is content with this government and believes implicitly all that Oom Paul tells him.

Not a cent of money could be raised by the municipal authorities of Johannesburg, for public purposes, without the consent of the government at Pretoria; not a city ordinance or local law could be passed without authorization from this same power. In other words, Johannesburg, the centre of wealth, of culture, of population, the headquarters of the Uitlander in the Transvaal, was absolutely as much under the thumb of President Kruger and his followers as is the infant in the arms of its mother. The Uitlander is not the kind of offspring to take kindly to too much wet-nursing, nor to care for a mother with pins in her clothes.

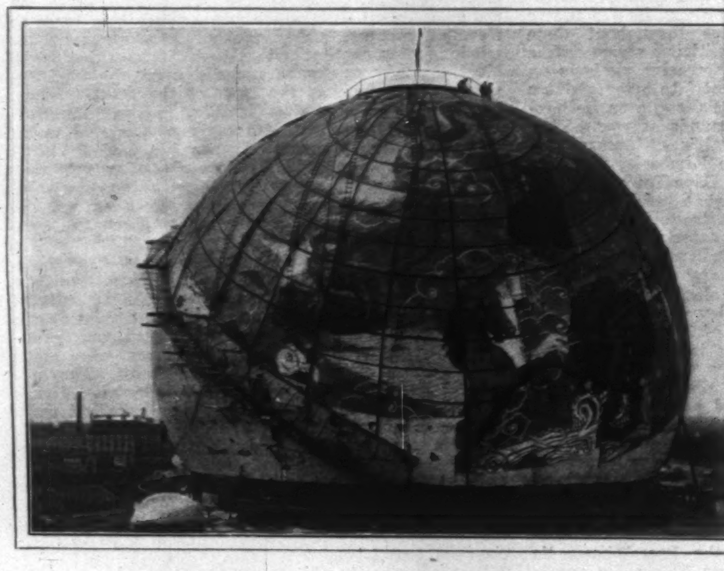
The development of the mining industry of the Transvaal has been a marvellous growth, and the figures used in expressing the money invested stagger the mind. It costs from two to eight millions of dollars to put down the preliminary shaft of several thousand feet to the gold-bearing reef and to erect the machinery. Many of the mines have eaten up twenty millions before they have returned a cent of profit. The net returns, however, on this immense capitalization are from ten to twenty per cent., some having reached still higher figures. When they, the mine-owners, talk of monthly outputs of 490,000 ounces of gold—$9,000,000 and over—the poor man with a little change in his pocket sadly jingles it together and wishes he were rich. In these mines the average pay for a white man is $5 a day; chemists, engineers, and other professional men receive salaries all the way from $10,000 to $60,000 per annum; but they all agree that the cost of living is triple that of the high-priced mining-regions of the United States. It would certainly seem that such a stupendous enterprise, which employs a hundred thousand natives, and has over fifty thousand wide-awake white men engaged in it, deserves to survive and flourish in this far-away land, under a decent system of government, and with some of the privileges we enjoy in our own land, particularly when we remember that a large proportion of these men are our cleverest and ablest professional men—Americans who believe in American ideals.

BLOEMFONTEIN, *April 21, 1900.*

THE CHURCH IN THE SWISS VILLAGE.



PALACE OF FORESTRY AND FISHERIES.

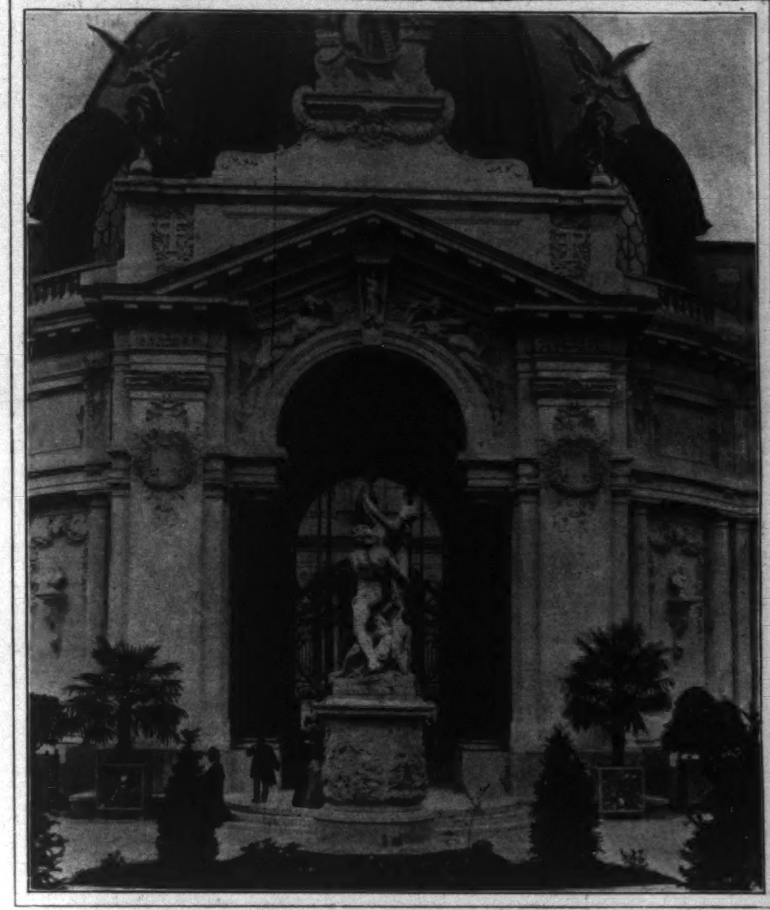


THE CELESTIAL GLOBE.

TOYLAND IN THE GERMAN EXHIBIT.

THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES BURTON, SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."



ENTRANCE TO THE PETIT PALACE OF FRENCH ART.

ENTRANCE TO THE SECTION OF GERMAN INDUSTRIAL ARTS.

THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES BURTON, SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

America's Gift to France

BARTHOLDI'S Statue of Liberty in New York Harbor will have its complement in the Lafayette monument to be dedicated at Paris on July 4. Although utterly dissimilar in outward semblance, there is a harmony between the two, even in details and environment. From France to America: a symbol of liberty, with uplifted hands, lighting the entrance to the home of the free and the refuge of the oppressed. From America to France: a personification of this same sacred right, standing, with uplifted sword, in the place where kings and emperors have built unto themselves, through succeeding reigns and dynasties, the grandest memorial of monarchical rule the world possesses. The one is the New World liberty—the liberty of the torch, the welcoming light; the other, the Old World liberty—the liberty of the sword, for the maintenance of which the sword has ever been and is still necessary. No more appropriate spot could have been chosen for the Bartholdi statue. There was none more appropriate in Paris for that of Lafayette than the one which has been assigned. It is in the court of the Louvre, and was intended, as is shown by the original designs of Lefuel, the architect of this part of the Louvre, for a monument to Napoleon.

In the sculptor's conception of his subject, Lafayette is again the youth of nineteen, when, in the north of France, he first heard of the uprising in America. He is mounted on a war-horse, after a Flemish model, and clad in a military costume that suggests both the Continental uniform and that of France in the time of Louis XVI. He holds aloft his sword, offering it to the cause which has aroused his youthful ardor. The statue as a whole is intended not only to symbolize Lafayette's services to America in the Revolution, but also the Lafayette that France remembers—not only what he did for us, but what he was constantly doing for his own beloved country throughout his long and noble life.

It is of the heroic size, measuring fifteen feet from hoof to hat, and will stand on a pedestal twenty-six feet high. The latter is to be in what is known as the Colleoni style, after the Colleoni in Venice, with columns of different-colored marbles around it, the capitals and bases being in bronze. The architect of the pedestal is also an American, Thomas Hastings, of New York.

Independent of its associations, its significance, environment, and artistic merits, the monument will be a most notable one for another reason. Not for two hundred years or longer has such another been made. It will be cast in bronze by the "lost wax" process, the most ancient and most beautiful way of casting statuary in bronze, and it will contain an alloy of gold and silver instead of tin and spelter, to refine and enrich the material. The ancients did this constantly, but it has never been done before in America—nor even in France.

It will be another two years, probably, before the finished monument will be unveiled. A sketch model of the pedestal and statue of the design and approximate proportions of the final monument will be erected for the dedication on July 4, and then the ultimate decision as to definite size and general effect can be made.

Insomuch as it is to be placed in a sort of frame, this being the Louvre, it is nearly impossible for an artist to judge otherwise of the size and style to his own satisfaction.

In this instance the picture is made to fit the frame, instead of the frame fitting the picture. Placed in the small garden in the court of the Louvre, it will have, from an artistic as well as historic point of view, as wonderful a setting as may be found anywhere in the world. Surrounded by green trees and gray palace, it is an ideal spot. M. Redon, the present architect of the Louvre, who, with the other French authorities, is delighted with the model and the project, calls this place the "little chapel," out-of-doors.

Paul W. Bartlett, the sculptor, honored with this commission by an eminent jury of American artists, is too well known to require many words of characterization. His "Michael Angelo" and his "Columbus" in Washington are two of the finest examples of modern sculpture America has ever seen. France has enrolled him in her Legion of Honor, and in Paris he is known as the great pupil of that great master Frémiet. He comes from Boston, but has lived in France many years, and at his pleasant home in the village of St. Lieu studies devotedly the animal life which it is his *métier* to represent in enduring marble or bronze. The handsome Flemish horse which he has taken for his model in the Lafayette monument is from his own stable. The light saddle-horses of the prevailing type, it is needless to say, perhaps, are totally unfitted as models for equestrian statues.

It is nearly two years since the idea was broached of a Lafayette monument to be erected in Paris by American contributions. Robert J. Thompson, of Chicago, who, as secretary, has had charge of most of the work from the beginning, was, in fact, the father of the project, and it is owing to his skill in organization, as well as to the patriotism of the American school-children, that it has been so successful. Besides the school-children, contributions have been made by Congress, by the State of New York, private individuals, and various societies. Two of the last will have bronze tablets on the pedestal. The oration on the occasion of the dedication is to be delivered by Archbishop Ireland, who is eloquent in French as well as in English, but doubtless he will speak this time in the language of his country. Sousa's band will be present to play American airs, and it is safe to say that only a small proportion of the Americans in Paris will succeed in crowding into the enclosure when the ceremony takes place.

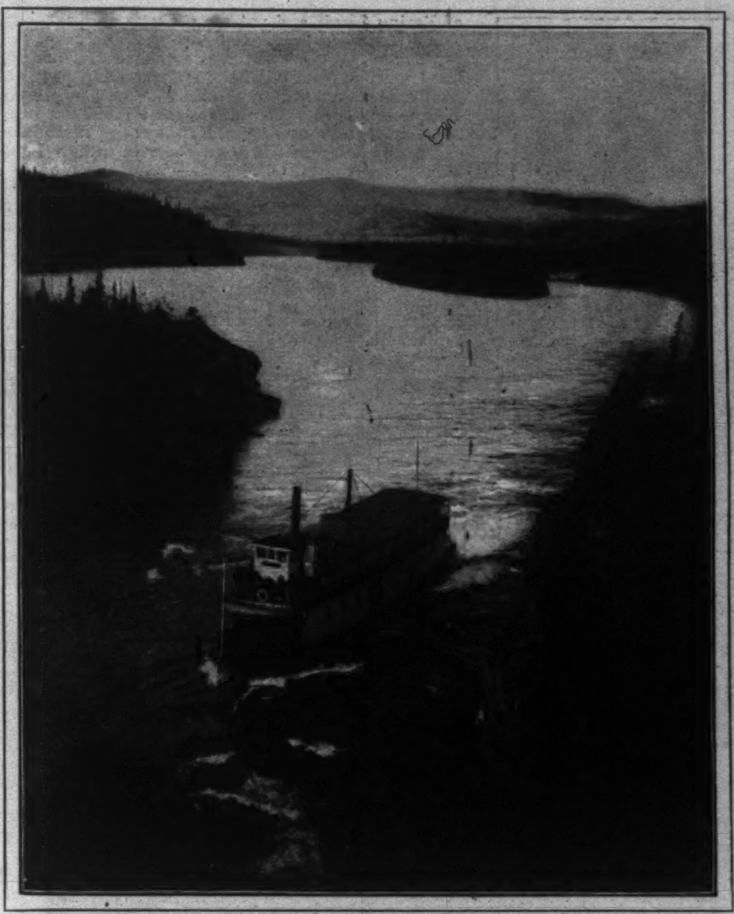
It has been said that the American conception of liberty is unique, in that it is altruistic, differing therein particularly from the French. But in evidence of the contrary fact we have the interesting circumstance that in Minnesota, with its eighty per cent. of foreign-born, the contributions of the school-children to the Lafayette fund were larger proportionately than from any other source.

EDWARD INSLEY.

EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF LAFAYETTE.—BY PAUL W. BARTLETT.
To be Unveiled in the Court of the Louvre, Paris, July 4, 1900.

THE PARIS EXPOSITION—ENTRANCE TO "OLD PARIS."

DRAWN BY E. L. BLUMENSCHEIN.



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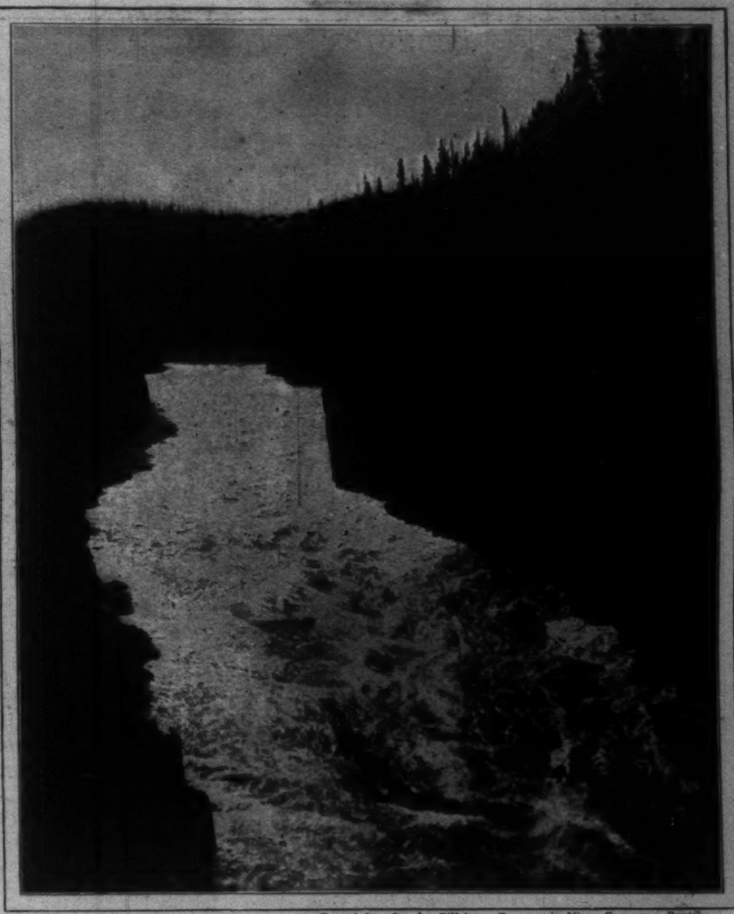
RUNNING THE FIVE-FINGER RAPIDS.



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THE RAPIDS IN MILES CAÑON.

CAPE NOME'S WONDERFUL PLACER MINES

BY GEORGE EDWARD ADAMS

BEFORE the close of this crowning year of the nineteenth century the world's financial and mining interests are to be somewhat rudely awakened and pleasurably surprised when the output of placer gold from America's already famous arctic mining-camp — Cape Nome—is authentically recorded. Surprised? Yes, and more so than when the richness of the Klondike was first telegraphed all over the Union. Wall Street, New York city, and Lombard Street, London, will take cognizance of a new mining district that is to add very materially to the world's supply of gold. Ten millions? The statement smacks somewhat of a mining boomer's advertisement; nevertheless, it is the minimum figure at which hundreds of well-informed Cape-Nomers place the output for 1900, and Seattle is to witness a repetition of the rather pleasing and exciting spectacle of the mad rush to the Klondike in the summer of 1897. This prognostication is not an ephemeral speculation of a visionary brain, for substantial results have already made a manifest impression upon the mining and financial interests of the United States, and have awakened some inquiry from the busy marts of other nations. The known output of over $2,000,000 the past season from a district not discovered until a year ago, and on which the miner's spade or pick did not break the virgin earth in true mining fashion till in April, 1899, is indeed far in excess of the first season's clean-up in the Klondike, and a most significant augury for the season of 1900. The reader need but give a cursory glance at the illustrations herewith to become informed of what an enterprising American mining-camp can accomplish in *four months* in the face of nature's most severe obstacles. Not a tree or shrub is there to soften the cold and dreary landscape, but notwithstanding the lack of timber, substantial wooden buildings have sprung into existence as if by magic. Stores and shops incident to a mining-town within the shadows of the arctic circle are nearly all well housed to withstand the searching and penetrating elements of such a rigorous climate. This bustling young mining-town of more than six thousand people is indeed one of the present wonders of Uncle Sam's domain, and being the nucleus of one of nature's wonderful and most prolific placer-mining districts, is well worthy some consideration and attention from the reading public.

Every American citizen takes a just and pardonable pride in knowing that the land of the Stars and Stripes produced over $70,000,000 of gold in the calendar year of 1899. This is but a little less than the largest production of any country in the world, and it is indeed possible, and quite probable, that Alaska in general, and the Cape Nome district in particular, will produce sufficient additional gold this year to place our beloved Union first on the list of the gold-producing nations. So surely as the Union is forging to first rank in the world's industrial advance, so surely will it stand first in the production of the standard by which nearly all nations measure their wealth.

It seems like the dream of a dry brain, this washing, rocking, sluicing, and "quicking" gold from sea-beach sand. No old "forty-niner" would have dreamed of such a thing, and, no doubt, would pass along this same Cape Nome beach for years without once deigning to give a serious thought to the sand beneath his feet. Two years ago, if any one had even suggested digging for gold on the ocean beach, he would immediately have been classed as a fit subject for an insane asylum, but within four months after the discovery of gold in paying quantity at Cape Nome, the sea-beach for upwards of fifty miles was prospected, and in most instances with highly satisfactory results. Many thousand claims have been staked, and the season of 1900 will witness a human beehive over a distance of a hundred miles north and south of Cape Nome. The bustle and confusion of jostling humanity on Broadway, New York city, would be but a circumstance to the wild, untamed scramble incident to the short summer season of 1900 at Nome, and if one could but make a trip just off the shore covering the entire range of the beach diggings, he would see thousands of "gold crazy" men working as never before—a sight of a lifetime. Where the neophyte and the skilled placer-miner are equally successful, and where one man with an old-fashioned rocker can clean up $75 to $100 per day, not many of the fourteen hundred and forty minutes will be unemployed. As an evidence that claims at Cape Nome and vicinity are exceedingly valuable, it is but necessary to say that men who have mined for a generation, or who are large investors in placer-mining properties, and who, from years of experience, know the specific difference between rich and poor diggings, have paid as high as $50,000 for a single claim upon which less than thirty days' work had been done. Indeed, capital is seeking investment in the district in large amounts.

Mr. C. D. Lane, of Seattle and San Francisco, who has for years investigated Alaska mining from Ketchikan to the Arctic Ocean, and who is many times a mining millionaire, has invested considerably over $200,000 in the district. Several of his purchases are situated on the rivers and creeks seeking the ocean at and near Cape Nome. His operations will be conducted on a very large scale, using the latest improved machinery, and by the close of the open season of 1900 it is estimated that his clean-up will approximate a million dollars. He will install a pumping plant this season at a cost of $150,000. Its purpose is to raise the water from Snake River to an elevation of some

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UNLOADING FREIGHT AT NOME CITY.

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DIGGING ON THE BEACH AT CAPE NOME.

seven hundred feet, thus providing a water-supply to all the high placer-ground on Dexter, Anvil, Snow, and Dry creeks, adding a very necessary element to these high diggings not supplied by nature. He will also construct about ten miles of railroad from Cape Nome northeast over the tundra, making the tributary river and creek mines easier of access. So far, however, none but crude methods have been employed in the district, but it will be readily seen from the foregoing that this coming season will chronicle a vast change, made possible by the fact that all ocean-going craft can steam within a rifle-shot of the diggings and lighter their cargoes ashore. One of the illustrations herewith will give the reader a fair idea of landing supplies. Fifteen thousand tons were so landed last season. Wharves are practically an impossibility, owing to the winter ice, but, however, a scheme is projected to build a large floating dock. No matter what obstacles prevail, the ingenious and energetic Yankee appears to compass them and thwart ruthless nature even where its power is manifest through the ice-king.

It would be a very easy matter to give the reader a long list of individual fortunes already made in the Cape Nome district, but it is not thought advisable to burden this article with prolixity. The fortunate ones so far believe the district the richest in the world, and one and all say that the output for 1900 will treble that of the Klondike at a similar stage of its history. It is known as the poor man's district, as nearly every man who went there last season and would work a claim need not leave without having mined from $25 to $100 per day. Hundreds of destitute miners from Dawson City have recouped themselves at Cape Nome and are now the owners of rich claims.

Seeking the ocean at and near Cape Nome are the Snake, Cripple, Penny, Sinook, Nome, Flambeau, El Dorado, Bonanza, and Salmon rivers, that, with their hundreds of small tributaries, drain thousands of acres of gold-producing tundra. The banks and beds of these rivers and creeks are fairly saturated with flakes of

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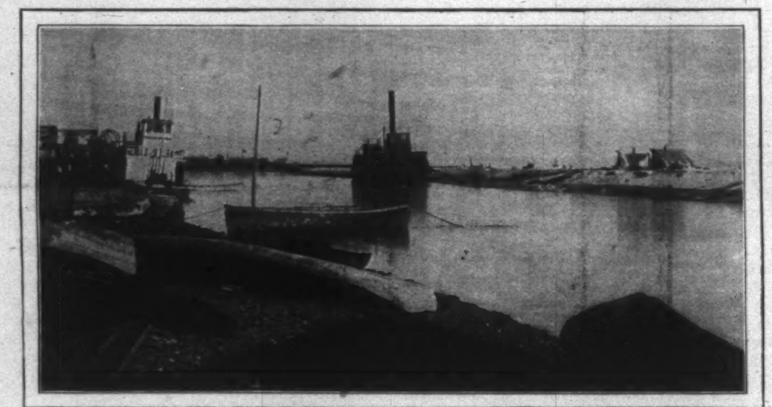
ESQUIMAU GIRL.

gold somewhat larger than those of the beach diggings. Anvil, Snow, Ruby, and a few other creeks produced many hundred thousand dollars' worth of gold treasure in the short season of 1899, as is amply evidenced by the government Assay Office at Seattle, Washington. This institution received upwards of seven hundred thousand dollars' worth of gold dust the past season from the Cape Nome district, and estimates that it will receive $5,000,000 for the season of 1900. The gold is of superior grade, assaying from $18 25 to $18 50 per ounce after melting. The vast extent of tundra lying to the northeast of Cape Nome has been prospected with very satisfactory results, and it ap-



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NOME CITY, FROM THE SNAKE RIVER.

pears that the entire extent carries gold in paying quantities. As the claims on and near the beach are more accessible and productive, but comparatively a small amount of work was accomplished in the tundra district the past season. This coming season, however, will witness an unparalleled activity, and remarkable accomplishments can be expected in these diggings.

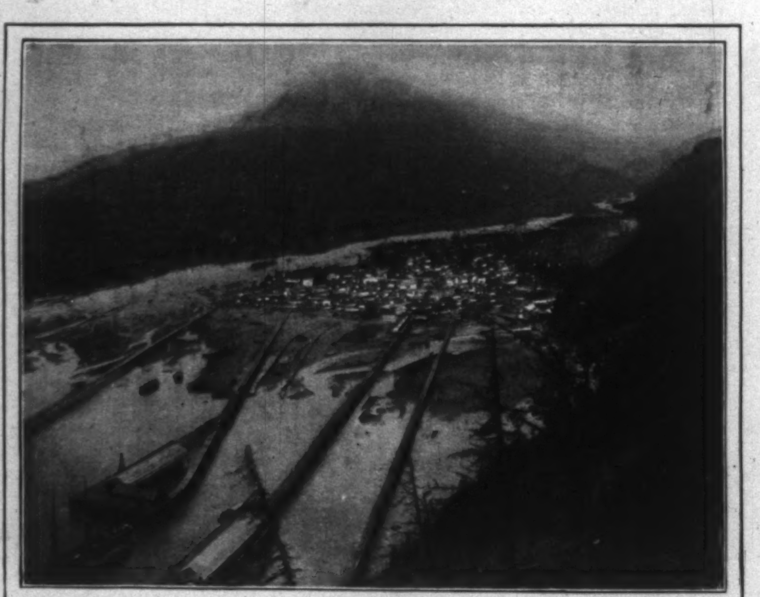
One would imagine that the earth in prehistoric time became nauseated with such a large quantity of gold, and vomited it forth, permeating its crust and diffusing the small globules over the entire district at Cape Nome and across the strait to the Siberian shore, gold similar to that at Nome having already been mined in paying quantity from the beach sands of the latter shore. It is some thirty miles across from American to Russian territory at the nearest points. One can see the foot-hills on the Siberian side from Nome, and it is quite common in winter for the Esquimau to make the trip across on the ice to trade with his Siberian brothers.

Imagine, if you will, a bustling young mining district producing millions of gold, but with very little, if any, money in circulation. Many of the richest claim-owners will have $20,000 worth of gold dust in their possession, but not a dollar in money. One may go a whole week in this gold-dust-rich metropolis of Bering Strait and not see a single dollar in money. The difficulty is overcome by every store, shop, restaurant, hotel, or other business establishment keeping at hand a set of gold balances, and receiving payment in gold dust as a medium of exchange at $16 per ounce. This unique and rather undesirable condition is to be superseded this coming season by the establishment of two banking institutions. The Canadian Bank of Commerce—capital $6,000,000—one of the pioneer concerns at Dawson City, will open a branch at Nome early in the season of 1900, and the Bank of Cape Nome will open at the same time with a paid-up capital of $200,000, the latter having a directorate and officiary of Seattle, Washington, bankers and mining millionaires. These institutions will be a welcome addition to the district's business enterprises, and will lend stability to its trade relations with the commercial world.

The sanitary condition of the district is most undesirable. Malarial fever was all too common, and nearly every day last summer a death occurred from typhoid fever. This is not to be wondered at, as the digging of cesspools is out of the question and the country for miles around is marshy in summer. With practically no attention given to the proper disposition of garbage, it is a wonder that so few cases of the more malignant fevers were manifest. A proper sewerage and surface-drainage system is a much-mooted subject, and definite action will surely be taken early this coming season, as the town has a Mayor, City Council, health officer, etc., who are all deeply interested in its habitable condition and thoroughly appreciate that work is not possible without nature's greatest gift—health. There are a thousand women in the district, and they have, as usual, taken vigorous action with the sanitary question; brave, noble, energetic, self-sacrificing American women—God bless them!—mothers, wives, daughters, sisters, and sweethearts who will urge upon those near and dear to them the pressing need of better sanitation. Life, the breath of God, must not, for lack of pure water and proper sewerage, be left to the domination of the insidious typhoid-fever germ.

At least five thousand people are wintering in the district, and no doubt much winter work is being done under almost insuperable climatic conditions. It must be borne in mind that nature does not permit a tree or even a shrub to grow in this arctic waste to assist man in his strife with the elements, and therefore the only native supply of fuel consists of wood washed ashore by wind and tide. Even this supply is now entirely exhausted, and Cape-Nomers must rely solely upon the importation of fuel. Most of the coal is imported from Seattle, and in October last was worth $75 per ton, the supply being anything but large. However, the fuel and food conditions there this winter are not at all alarming. Many of the Yukon River steamboats are moored in the river at Nome, and will be used for hotels throughout the long siege of frigid cold, affording much better accommodations than some of the hotels ashore. If one has a rugged constitution, is properly housed, well clothed outwardly with furs, has a goodly supply of fuel, and sufficient supplies to provide four pounds daily of heat-producing food, he need not fear to winter at Nome, but God have mercy on the unfortunate "cheated by dissembling Nature," poor in pocket, without proper clothing or sufficient supplies, who is foolhardy enough to try wintering there! His dream of wealth with the coming of the summer warmth is more than likely to end in everlasting sleep.

It is no uncommon happening of a winter night to be wakened by the pitiless cold, and in one's semi-con-



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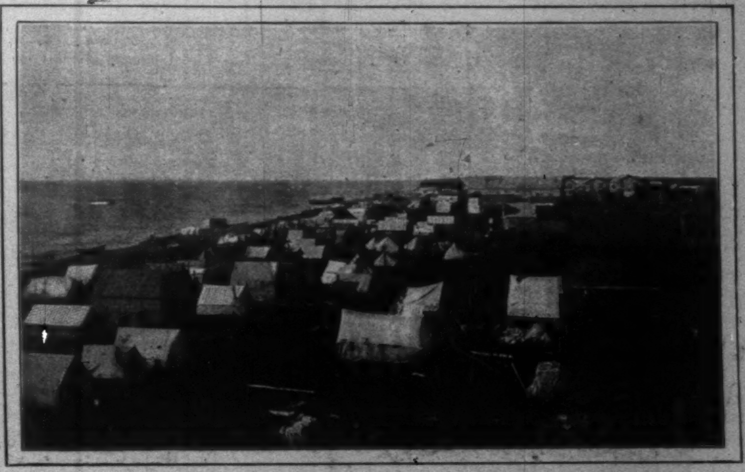
GENERAL VIEW OF SKAGWAY.

MAIN STREET, NOME CITY.



CAPE NOME IN JULY, 1899.

sciousness seem to be at home in the "States," enjoying a bountiful evening dinner with wife and children, and afterward forming a family circle around the cozy fireside, discussing the hardships incident to an arctic winter, and watching with mingled delight the flames in the fireplace form themselves into fantastic shapes as they fill the room with warmth and light. Just as this soul-satisfying fancy is fading from dreamland sight, a devitalizing chill awakens one, and nature makes vigorous demand for a more secure covering of furs or a replenishing of the fading fire. "Yes, the cold and cruel winter, the nipping, biting winter," cares not for human woes. Cape Nome's winter nor'easter, conceived in the home of perpetual ice, cometh forth howling and shrieking, and stinging into numbness the humans encountered in its mad rush across the treeless wilds of Alaska. The poorly housed or illy nourished man is indeed an easy prey to the penetrating, marrow-destroying, relentless arctic cold, and as the shadows of night are fading, his soul takes flight to its home above, leaving its tenement of clay on the icy waste, far away from friends and loved ones at home.

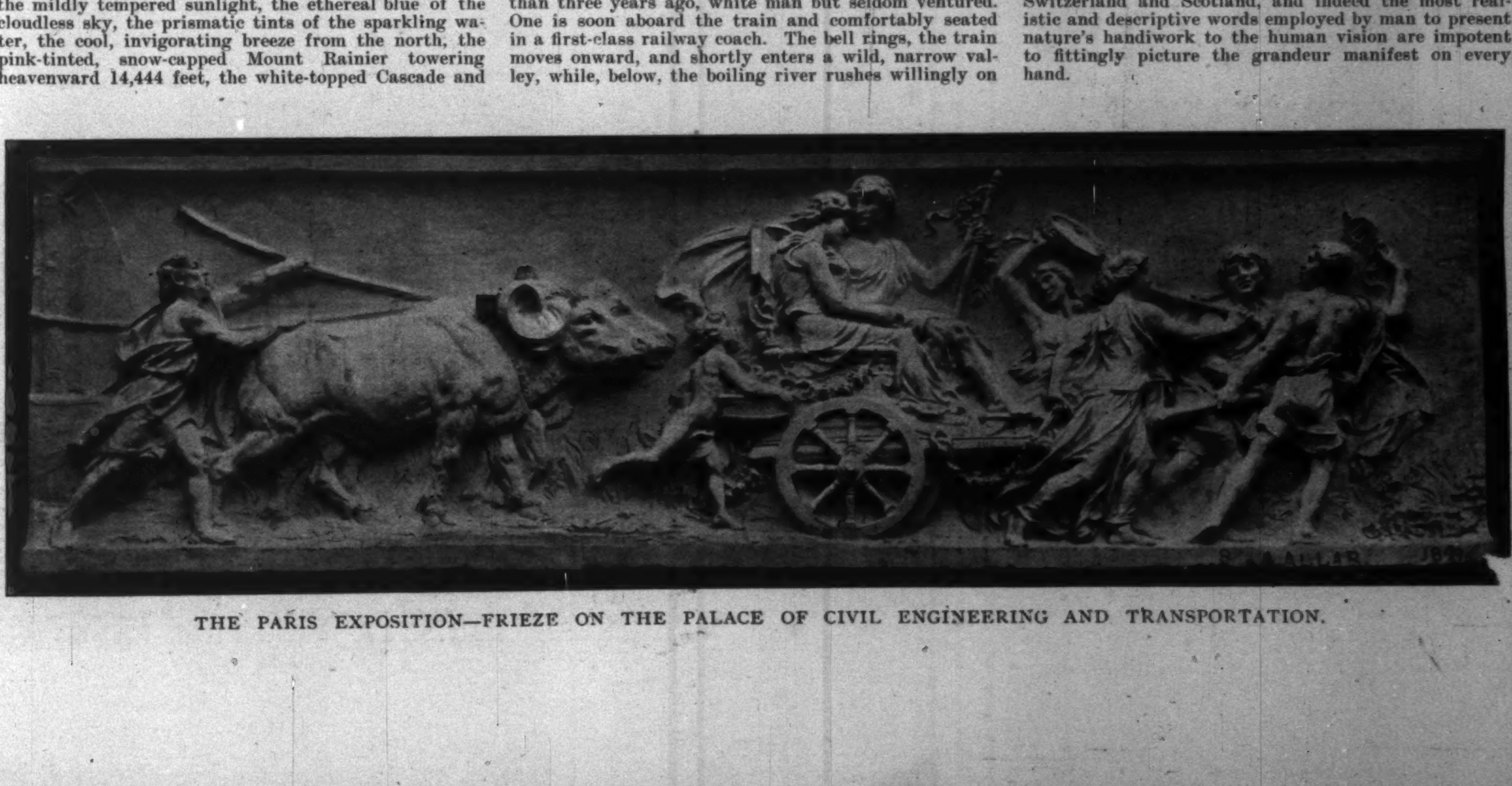
But after every winter there comes the effulgence of summer. As the sun reaches its summer solstice, a golden flood of sunshine and the gentle invigorating breath of the Bering Sea sou'wester fan into life the dormant rivers and creeks, thaw to a depth of eight or ten inches the moss-covered tundra, and where all seemed as death and stagnation for eight cold, dreary months, there springs into abnormal activity everything of life. With the garish sun shedding its kindly beams nearly every minute of each twenty-four hours, the "land of the midnight sun" is a pleasing and satisfying sight to the seeker after its hidden wealth, and it is no wonder that the Cape Nome miner accomplishes as much in four months as does his brother miner in double that time in a more temperate zone.

Cape Nome is situated on the shore of Bering Sea at the mouth of Snake River, Seward Peninsula, central-western Alaska, U. S. A., 65 degrees north latitude and 166 degrees west longitude, and, by the ocean route, distant from its base of supply, Seattle, some twenty-seven hundred miles. In making the ocean trip from Seattle one steams westward for nineteen hundred miles across the North Pacific Ocean to Dutch Harbor on the Aleutian Archipelago, and thence northward eight hundred miles to the land of gold, passing *en route* the government's seal-rookeries on the Pribyloff Islands. During the ocean voyage of ten days one is encompassing a part of the six hundred thousand miles of Alaskan territory, and on reaching Cape Nome is as far west of Seattle as Chicago is east.

It is fitting to make brief mention of a route to Cape Nome unsurpassed in scenic effect and enchanting grandeur. The beautiful and enjoyable days immortalized in book and song do not surpass in splendor a day on Puget Sound in early June. The pure ozone, the mildly tempered sunlight, the ethereal blue of the cloudless sky, the prismatic tints of the sparkling water, the cool, invigorating breeze from the north, the pink-tinted, snow-capped Mount Rainier towering heavenward 14,444 feet, the white-topped Cascade and Olympic mountain ranges, respectively to the east and west, and the hum of the city's industry, all hail one with a hearty and refreshing greeting while promenading the deck of a palatial ocean steamer leaving Seattle Harbor of a morning in June. As the steamer feelingly glides along with "a bone in its mouth," there appear to the right the mammoth elevators and docks of the Pacific-coast terminus of the Great Northern Railway, and to the left, ten miles across the sound, the largest saw-mill on the globe. A mile farther on, and one is under the shadow of Fort Lawton, where grim sentinels are trained across, up, and down the sound, ever ready to deal death and destruction to a foreign enemy endeavoring to invest the harbor. Two miles farther, the West Point light-house is passed. A few furlongs farther, and to one's right is the entrance of the projected government waterway to a reserve harbor on a magnificent body of fresh water —Lake Washington. Now, under full speed and steaming head on into the balmy breeze, the mind is refreshed and the soul stirred with ever-changing scenes; now rounding a headlong point, then through a narrow channel between abrupt banks overtopped with towering evergreen-trees, the breeze freighted with the balsam sweetness of exuding pines; now and again passing bustling young, up-to-date towns, and of a sudden rounding Point Wilson into the magnificent Strait of San Juan de Fuca. Looking to the westward, one beholds the broad expanse of the mighty Pacific Ocean, and to the east the ever-glistening snow-capped Mount Baker rising nearly eleven thousand feet into the sky, a beacon to the mariner. One leaves behind the placid waters and enchanting landscape of the Mediterranean of America, and ploughs the mighty deep for thirty miles across the strait, feeling the steamer tremble in the deep swells from the ocean, and having the monotony of the surroundings relieved with the pleasure of watching, now and then, a school of fin-back whales at play. As the evening shadows gather, the steamer touches at Victoria, British Columbia, but is soon pushing forward in the waters of Queen Charlotte Sound between Vancouver Island and the British Columbia mainland. The moon now adds its reflected light to that of the stars, and one enjoys a cozy nook on deck until late in the evening. For three days more of nature's most delightful weather one is winding among islands that rival in beauty the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence River. A few hours after the steamer touches at Juneau, the proposed capital of Alaska, there comes in sight the gateway to the Klondike, and soon one steps from the steamer to the wharf at Skagway, revitalized in mind and body, the eyes sparkling with health and the heart full of the gladness and warmth of summer.

Standing on the station platform watching, with a deal of interest, the hurrying people, the loaded trucks, the ton or more of mail and express matter going aboard the train, the sign of industry on every hand, one is amazed to learn that on this very spot, less than three years ago, white man but seldom ventured. One is soon aboard the train and comfortably seated in a first-class railway coach. The bell rings, the train moves onward, and shortly enters a wild, narrow valley, while, below, the boiling river rushes willingly on its way to the sea, singing the song of summer. With a deal of puffing and throbbing the steel horse begins the ascent of the apparently insuperable barrier between the coast and interior points. Up and up the power of steam takes one, over foaming mountain torrents, under overhanging bowlders, through the solid rock, by Crystal and Black lakes, soon passing immense schists of tessellated rock, the eyes discovering a niche in the rugged slope where the envious vine is "muffling with verdant ringlet" the rippling water of a mountain rill. With a constant change of delightful scenery the summit of the mountain range is reached. Then a short descending run to Lake Bennett, and one steps upon the wharf at Bennett after enjoying three and a half hours of scenery surpassing in grandeur and rapidity of change that along the Denver and Rio Grande Railway. A commodious steamboat is waiting at the wharf, and is soon gliding over the crystal waters of Lakes Bennett, Tagish, Le Barge, and Marsh, the surrounding scenery, in the mellow light, equal to if not surpassing in charm that of Switzerland. In a very few hours this beautiful chain of lakes is left to the south, and one is steaming down Fifty Mile River and rapidly approaching the well-known treacherous Miles Canyon. After making a secure landing just above the canyon, one takes a steam-car ride for five miles around this natural barrier to navigation, and is soon aboard another steamboat as handsome and graceful as the better class of those plying on the Mississippi River. It is now but a short distance to the mighty Yukon, and the steamboat is soon rushing along the river's rapid current toward the gold-famous Klondike, and after three days' travel from Skagway one arrives at Dawson City, the commercial headquarters of the Klondike mining district. Nineteenth-century progress has put the city in telephonic touch with outlying districts and in telegraphic communication with Skagway. After a few hours of sight-seeing one boards a larger steamboat than heretofore, and is shortly passing down on Alaska's majestic waterway to Bering Sea. On the way down the river the steamer touches at many points, among them Circle City, Rampart, Manook (where is mined the highest grade of placer gold in all Alaska), Nulato, Greek and Russian mission posts, after which the delta of the Yukon appears in sight and the steamer takes the Aphoon or north channel into Bering Sea. A few miles on the briny deep, and the steamer's mate heaves a line to the wharf at St. Michaels. Here is located the depots of Alaska's pioneer transportation companies, and of the United States, this point being the government's military headquarters for Alaska.

During the seven days' trip down the Yukon one is more than charmed and delighted with the wild surroundings, for in this rugged land of the far North is repeated the best of the natural wonders of the Yosemite Valley, of the Yellowstone National Park, of the Bad Lands, of the Colorado River, of the Alps, of Switzerland and Scotland, and indeed the most realistic and descriptive words employed by man to present nature's handiwork to the human vision are impotent to fittingly picture the grandeur manifest on every hand.



THE PARIS EXPOSITION—FRIEZE ON THE PALACE OF CIVIL ENGINEERING AND TRANSPORTATION.

ONE OF THE SEASON'S MOST PO

CHINESE MINISTER WU TING-FANG ADDRESSIN

POPULAR AFTER-DINNER SPEAKERS

SING A GATHERING OF NEW YORK MERCHANTS

CHLORIS OF THE ISLAND.* By H. B. Marriott Watson

CHAPTER XIII

THE CHAPEL ON THE DUNES

It was some time ere he regained his numb consciousness and made out his position. The tide had carried him hither and thither at its will, and when weary of him had cast him up finally on some barren shore. He lay in a quiet pool, ebbing and flowing with the sea-weed; for the flood had turned and was running seaward again. Yet as his senses and his sensations returned, and as he awoke to new life and some of his customary strength, he was aware of the dawn beyond the moorland breaking gray and misty. Behind him the waves thundered upon the beach; before him rose the whins and bracken of the moorland; and by these signs he guessed that he must be somewhere beyond the village from which he had borrowed the boat, and more than a mile south of Lynsea. He dragged himself out of the pool and stood up with his face to the east; after which he began to go slowly along the path that should lead him into Marlock.

When he awoke in the "Three Feathers" the first thing that struck his eyes was the revenue sloop riding in the offing; and at that appearance once more revisited him the doubts and questions of the night. It was still early in the afternoon, and the sun burned with ferocity, striking angrily upon the white houses of the village, down the street of which Warburton sauntered. If his step was slow his thoughts ran quickly and impatiently, but in another current now from that in which they had flowed before. He was subject to a gross reaction, which dissuaded him from all his previous fancies and reasonings. He clung with all that was generous in him to his nocturnal thoughts, yet this hard and infidel spirit was carrying him rudely away. He experienced a great revulsion, and his old hostility surged up in him as grim, ruthless, and desperate as ever. He looked back on his pursuit, his escape, and the long struggle with death with new animosity in his feelings towards the Carmichaels. They were but common bravos and cutpurses, and deserved the rope of the law and whatsoever personal vengeance he himself might take. The events of the previous night seemed a long way off, and had a different look now that he was come to himself and under no rule of emotion. He felt in his pocket with complacency for the paper that would send those gentry to the gallows and blot out their ignoble names.

The sloop lay under the cliffs below Marlock, rocking on a summer sea, as Warburton came down to the beach; a gig had put out and drew towards the shore. He watched the landing idly, and was suddenly surprised to hear his name.

"What! 'tis Mr. Warburton, is it not? I had expected to meet none of my acquaintance in this wild place."

He gazed nearer at the speaker, who was quite young, very elegant of dress and person, and had a pretty, smiling face. He had just stepped ashore from the boat.

"I—recognize your face, sir," said he, bowing, "but upon my life I have forgotten the name."

"Gellibrand, sir," said the young officer, with an air of ceremony. "I have met you at Sir Bennet Grove's—you and my lord Crayle."

"Faith, you are right," said Warburton, with another bow. "I knew not that you were on the *Osprey*—"

"I am in command," said he. "Captain Postgate has got his promotion, while I rot in this wilderness, egad."

"You will do me the favor to dine, Mr. Gellibrand," said Warburton, civilly. "I am at an inn, with a damnable *cuisine* and rare brandy. Sure," he laughed, "that should interest you. You shall lay your hands on the contraband that way if no other."

Gellibrand smiled, but appeared somewhat uneasy under this jest. "I am now on the coast," said he; "'tis an outlawed place and full of reckless spirits. There is no company fit for a gentleman, I am told, save Sir Stephen Carmichael hereabouts. I had not reckoned on yourself. I will accept your invitation with pleasure."

"You will go to call on Sir Stephen?" asked Warburton, viewing the young fop thoughtfully.

"Why," said he, elevating his eyebrows in a most affected manner—"why, damme, 'tis the only gentleman, so they say; and he has a handsome daughter, I have heard."

"That is true," said Warburton, slowly; "if they say he has a handsome daughter they say truly, but rather less than truth."

"What!" cried Gellibrand, ogling. "You have seen her? You are a dog, Mr. Warburton—damme, a right-down desperate dog, for all the world like my lord Crayle, your uncle. But I shall see her—gad, you shall not have the better of me. I am even now upon my way there, at Sir Stephen's invitation."

"You have an invitation?" inquired Warburton.

"That I have, sir. It reached me by a lugger two days since. Gad, I take it friendly in Sir Stephen. He had heard of me in these parts and offered his *devoirs*—a damnable fine gentleman. I have heard of him; kept from court by his infirmities."

Swiftly Warburton took a resolution. He would not suffer this silly Lieutenant to pay his visit, but would thrust another duty upon him. It tickled him to fancy with what a different face this fine fellow would land upon the island, and he was pleased also to think that Sir Stephen's cunning had been frustrated by an accident. He put his arm in the Lieutenant's.

"Gad, sir, I will take no refusal," he said, laughingly. "Your visit will keep. I have you now, and you shall be my guest. I'll warrant I give you better liquor than any that paid his Majesty. Besides, there is Sir George Everett here, of whom you have heard, and a monstrous pretty creature is his ward."

"Miss Holt?" said Gellibrand, preening his hair. "She that ran away. Lord! I have no taste for light fly-aways. Let them that steal 'em keep 'em. I want no stained goods."

"Fie!" said Warburton, rallying him. "She is an innocent. She is not tarnished. You shall see her and judge. I wager that she touches your fancy, as she touched poor Shirley's."

"I shall touch hers, Mr. Warburton. I have a pretty coat to my back, when I have the whim," said Gellibrand, complacently. "By Heaven! these girls like a brave coat in his Majesty's livery. I am in your hands, sir."

Warburton led him amicably towards the "Three Feathers," and presently glasses were laid upon a table in the garden, and a bottle of wine was fetched by the obsequious innkeeper. Warburton took off his hat, baring his head to the mild air, and pledged his companion.

"Now we have you here, Mr Gellibrand" said he, with his blunt civility, "we shall make a difference in this neighborhood. It has run too wild, I tell you."

The Lieutenant cocked his hat, and sipped his wine bridling. "Perish me, Mr. Warburton, you are right. I will make a difference. Postgate was lazy and loved his bottle; not but what I have a palate for good liquor, but, stop me, I know my duty to the Lords of the Admiralty, as well as his Majesty's customs. I will burn 'em out of their holes."

"And I shall drink no more such wine," said Warburton, whimsically.

"Gad! that's so; I had forgot that," said the little Lieutenant. "I wonder whence this comes—ripe liquor, damned ripe liquor. Faith, I should not be drinking of it, now I think of it."

"What, Mr. Gellibrand!" said Warburton, in surprise. "You refuse a little from your host! I tell you that is paid for. 'Tis mine. And whence comes it? What the devil do you know? You can but have your guess, as I have mine. I shall take it ill of you if you secede. By Heaven! I will not be denied."

"You say rightly. Damme! no offence," said Gellibrand, hastily. "I will drink your bottle. Well, here's to your good health, Mr. Warburton, and our common prosperity, if I may join myself with you. And, egad, I would add an honored name to that, and that's my lord Crayle, your uncle. I hope his health holds, though hang me if I should say so, saving your presence, Mr. Warburton. The devil! Let my lord's health be, eh? He! he! What say you to toasting a girl? Gad! if that Miss Carmichael is what you say, I will beg leave to propose her. Here's to her! Excuse me, Mr. Warburton; 'tis long since I have seen a gentleman, and one of your quality. I am your obedient servant. Well, here's to—what the devil is her sweet name?"

"She is Miss Carmichael," said Warburton, eying the dwindling bottle.

"To be sure, and what's t'other, Mr. Warburton? My soul, yes. That little catkin that bolted. Well, she may have stains on her. I care not; 'tis nothing to do with me."

As he drank deeper he talked more garrulously and more foolishly, and out of his conversation started the vanity, good-nature, and boastfulness of his character.

But Warburton had little interest in him beyond the resolve to keep him from Lynsea for that day, and watched him grow tipsy with contemptuous indifference, answering shortly or not at all to his rambling questions. As they sat together by the brier hedge of the little garden a shadow emerged and fell swiftly upon the table. Warburton looked up and started to perceive Chloris Carmichael standing between him and the sun. Her face was set with a glance of honor and fear towards Gellibrand, who, chattering incessantly, did not notice either the apparition of a stranger or Warburton's start.

"Carmichael!" said he, piping loudly. "'Tis a good name, and one related, I believe, to my lord the Marquess of Heywood. I will pay him a visit for sure. Damme! that I will."

Chloris's gaze flew to Warburton, and the color overwhelmed her fair skin in a flood; her under lip trembled. He rose, and making some indifferent apology, strode towards her whither she had withdrawn among the bushes.

"You are set down with that man?" she whispered in awe. "What are you telling him? Oh, sir, sir, withhold your tongue."

"'Tis my own property," said he, coolly, for he was nettled by her tones and what in her he supposed to be anxiety for the safety of her brothers.

"True, 'tis your own," she said, sadly. "Yet I must have speech with you. Does this man know what you hold over us?"

"I will tell him when I choose," said Warburton, sullenly.

She laid hold of his arm with her fingers. "You shall hear me first. Swear to me that you will hear me first. I have something to communicate. I cannot stay now, for Philip awaits me in the village, and I must not be known to be here. Yet I must see you. I dare not come here. You will be kind, sir, if you will meet me as soon as you may on the dunes in the ruined chapel. You will find the way easily;" and as he made no answer, broke out fiercely, changing sharply as she was wont: "You shall obey me; you shall come. I have a right to command it. Roger Warburton, by Heaven, you shall come!"

"I will promise and I will come," said he, suddenly moved to the depths of his slow mind.

She turned and fled as the Lieutenant's head rose over the bushes, and Warburton met him with a frown.

"Perish me, Mr. Warburton!" cried Gellibrand, "petticoats, and, damme, pretty ones! You have an eye. What is the creature's name? Gad! this place is hot with 'em. I flatter myself I am come to a green meadow and can eat my fill of grass."

"Drink your fill; best drink your fill, Lieutenant," said Warburton, who desired not to be troubled further by him. "I think there are five strong sailors that I saw, who will carry you, if you be indisposed to walk. 'Tis a man's duty to his friend not to leave any heel-taps."

AS THE LIEUTENANT DRANK, HE TALKED MORE GARRULOUSLY.

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2259.

"Damme, I leave none," said Gellibrand, gravely. "I should think it a shame to do so in company with a generous drinker like yourself, sir. As for the sloop, hang me if I care what becomes of her this weather! 'Tis a wretched trade, this catching of smugglers."

Warburton saw him sufficiently advanced to be unsteady on his legs, and conducted him safely to his boat, which carried him aboard the *Osprey*. Once there he was not likely to venture upon his threatened visit to Lynsea and the Carmichaels—which was all that Warburton desired.

He himself, quit of this fool, set forth at once to keep his appointment with Chloris. He was confident that he knew what she had to say, and was annoyed of it; yet oddly woven in his anger and impatience was a feeling of admiration, of belief, of surrender. He took his way across the dunes with his large stride, revolving these tender and curious and perplexing matters in his mind. For once in his life this resolute man could not come to a resolution; and the wavering puzzled him, even alarmed him. Backwards and forwards he swayed, drawn hither and thither on the quick pulse of passion, with his mind and his will rising and falling in a seesaw, unable to catch at any firm conclusion to save them.

The Lieutenant had staid long and departed drunken, so that the time was drawing late when Warburton started to walk across the sand hills. Moreover, he had no very clear knowledge as to the site of the chapel in which he was to meet Miss Carmichael. He had a greater care for her than she had for herself, and he did not desire to set tongues wagging by open inquiries; for why (these gossips would ask) should he be seeking the ruinous chapel so near by the fall of evening? Thus it was that he was delayed long upon the way, going by tedious circuits, and spying gradually to the scene of that assignation. The month was already far gone, yet the moon had grown so late as to bring down the shadows upon the valleys, and showed the boats in a dismal color of darkness. The sun's heat, gathered all day into these pits of sand, now rose in a close vapor, which there was no wind to scatter. The air was harsh with the heat and clammy with moisture, so that he walked in discomfort, plodding across the broken gray spaces with a rising anger. And suddenly in a little hollow, under the shelter of a mound of sand, stood up the bleak and roofless walls of the abandoned church. Long since had it fallen into disuse and decay. Its structure dated from early British Christianity, and its site was witness to a curious distribution of inhabitants about that ugly wilderness.

CHLORIS CLUNG TO HIM DESPERATELY.

Warburton entered by one of the gaps in the walls and passed down the sandy aisles, looking for Chloris; but ere he had gone a dozen steps he saw her approaching swiftly from the heap of fallen masonry about the chancel.

"You have been long," she said, not with any reproach, yet with an impatience.

"I was entertaining a drunken fool," he answered.

"Ah!" she said, quickly, "you told him nothing? What said you to him?"

"I have waited until I should see you," he said, instead. "I have kept my promise."

In the midst of the satisfaction that shone on her features she turned suddenly cool, and her eyes dropped; her smile died away, and she fingered her hands together with nervous embarrassment.

"Mr. Warburton," said she, speaking with some of his own deliberation, and with a studious calmness, "'twas but yesterday I learned how you are pursuing a great and sore hostility to those of my family. They have fallen under your displeasure—I know not with what justice, nor upon whose side is the right. Nay, sir; I do not ask to know. But if there be some wrong on theirs, I ask you if your cause is wholly righteous. You are following a vengeance which 'tis not yours but God's to exact, and which, when He comes to His proper time, He will take, for sure, upon those that are guilty. Why do you arrogate to yourself His functions, you who are but a man? Will you not, sir, give up this conflict and cease to plot revenges; leave Time to bring its destiny, and the Almighty God to punish what and where He will?"

"Is it this that you came all this way to ask of me?" he inquired, coldly. "If 'tis so, your trouble might have been spared. I can give you nothing that you ask."

"You shall give it," she cried, passionately, making a step to him. "My father is ill; he is at death's door, and they say 'tis your act. Is it so great a favor that I ask of you—I that am what I am?"

He gazed at her coldly. "Cease; I care not," he said, brutally.

All the blood in her body seemed now to run of a sudden to her face and hang there; she was red like a carnation flower, and her parted lips quivered, while her eyes bedewed themselves with tears. She touched him as she had touched him once before, and upon that magical touch he winced and stirred.

"For my sake," she urged, softly, blooming like a tender child, half afraid, half ashamed, and wholly innocent. "Nay, but for me you will do this."

Warburton withdrew a step, drawing a heavy breath. He put out an arm as though he would thrust aside this terrible temptation. She was a witch; she was a devil.

"I will do it for none," he said, harshly.

Chloris was silent; then, "Yet," she whispered, "'twas I that saved you last night, I who beg this from you now."

"I have said," he answered, "that 'twas your brother that you saved, not me."

"What is't you mean?" she asked, with quick breathlessness. "Are you in earnest? I cannot understand you. You are strange. You spoke certain things to me last night. Ah, my God, how you spoke them! I have trusted you. Are you false—are you false—are you false?"

"What I have said I meant," he replied, stubbornly. "I have said nothing but what was true. I warned you, Chloris, that I was the foe of your race, and that it should not matter to you. You cannot help yourself."

"Ah," she said, low, "your love is that which kills. It asks all and gives nothing. 'Tis a pitiful sort of love."

"I care not what you call it," he said, roughly. "I am master."

Swiftly she clung about him. "Dear, give me this; give me this, dear? This hostility stands between us and disaffects us. I will not have anything stand between us."

He strove to detach her, but in vain, for his hands refused their office.

"'Tis you who are in peril," she cried. "I would have my father die in peace. You—but I fear for you, too. Think how desperately I am to be pitied, who stand in danger to lose father and brother and—and you at one cruel stroke."

He caressed her hair. "You shall not lose me, Chloris dear," he answered, grimly; "you are strung too high."

"Promise me, promise me, that you will leave Marlock at once," she pleaded. "Promise me that you will not run these awful risks. Ere Nicholas knows that you are alive and here, you may escape inland and reach London—there to—there to—"

"'Tis impossible," he said, even more grimly; "your brother must already know of my presence. I have been at the inn all day."

She wept and wrung her hands. "True," she sobbed, "'tis too late," and quickly falling away from him, pointed a shaking hand towards the broken pillars of the aisle, which were slowly being enwrapped in the falling darkness.

"There!" she whispered, hoarsely; "you see yonder. There is that which speaks to you of your fate."

Warburton turned sharply at her words and peered in the gathering gloom.

"Who is there?" said he.

"'Tis a spy," she whispered back.

"He has seen you," he cried, anxiously.

"I care not," she said, raising her head without shame.

"You must not be seen. 'Twould be your ruin."

She laughed slightly. "I am not ashamed to be here," she said, "nor to be seen here. I care nothing what they know. I care only if they should take you from me."

"They will never do that," said he, softly.

But with a passionate cry she was gone on his words, and snatched like a ghost into the shadows of the night. He ran forward between the columns of the aisle, calling to her, but nothing answered to him out of that dark vacancy.

"Come back; come back!" he cried, and came out into the darkness of the open spaces, calling among the hillocks of sand—"Come back! come back!"

But no voice responded to the name he whispered into the empty dunes.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SONG OF THE OAK

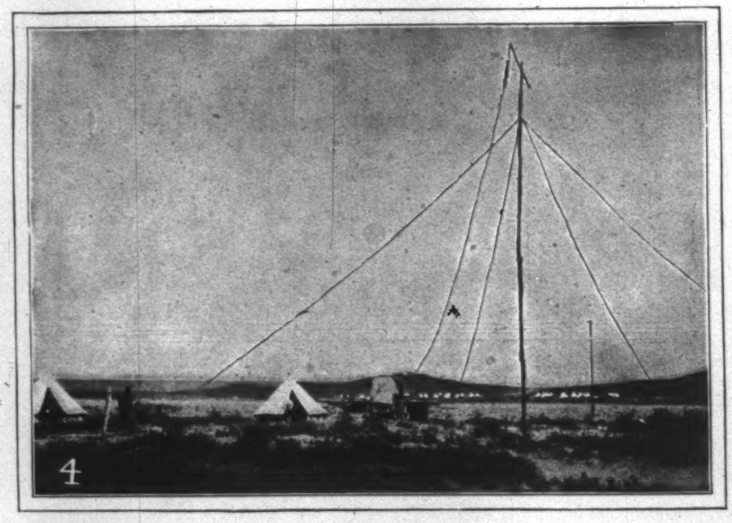
BY R. K. MUNKITTRICK

I'M a jolly old oak, and I'm king of the wood;
In my prime for a century stoutly I've stood
In my garments of lichen and ivy and moss,
All my limbs to the four winds of heaven I toss.
I'm a grizzled old giant,
I'm bluff and austere,
And to all I'm defiant—
Not long I'll be here;
For they'll soon chop me down, and I'll go from the glade—
Into cradles and coffins full soon I'll be made.

I disport in the sunshine and rock in the storm,
While among my brown leaflets the wood fairies swarm.
Oh, the birds build their nests in my mossy old boughs,
Where the crows light in winter to hold their powwows.
Oh, I'm brusque and I'm jolly
And full of good cheer,
For to murmur were folly—
Not long I'll be here.
For the sunshine will glimmer where now I make shade—
Into cradles and coffins full soon I'll be made.

Deep within my gaunt trunk, free from trouble and strife,
Lives a solemn old owl with the Light of his life;
They tu woo and tu wit and tu wit and tu woo,
And of love make a boisterous hullaballoo,
And it makes me feel mellow
While gayly I veer
In the leaf green or yellow—
Not long I'll be here.
I'll be razed on the spot where a sapling I played—
Into cradles and coffins full soon I'll be made.

But my spirit will often rejoice in the sheen
Of the moon where I now flaunt my banner of green;
It will drift to the song of the leaves lisping words,
It will flutter unseen in the wind with the birds;
Though proudly I'm waving,
A sage and a seer,
The elements braving,
Not long I'll be here;
But I'll soar like the eagle where cares ne'er invade
When my boughs into cradles and coffins are made.



THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA.

1. A Boer Scout.—Drawn by R. M. Reay from a Photograph taken near Ladysmith by E. E. Easton. 2. "Joey Chamberlain," the Naval Gun with Lord Roberts's Column.—Drawn by Gordon H. Grant, Special Artist in the Field for "Harper's Weekly." 3. Cheering General Buller on his Arrival in Ladysmith. 4. Wireless Telegraphic Apparatus near Rensburg.

THIS BUSY WORLD

BY E. S. MARTIN

A PAMPHLET of 223 pages, issued from the Government Printing Office, contains the record of the hearing before the Senate Committee on the District of Columbia on a bill to restrict and regulate vivisection in the District. The bill prescribes in detail how experiments on living animals may be performed by graduates of medical schools, who must be licensed. It provides also for inspection of experiments, and for reports from experimenters when called for. The somewhat voluminous literature of the hearing includes abundant testimony on both sides of the vivisection question. It is a question that is discussed with extreme ardor by persons to whom it appeals.

The antivivisectionists tell blood-curdling stories of the agonies of animals which have been cut up alive, and the stories are true, though many of them relate to practices and occurrences in Europe, and others are old and hardly trustworthy as illustrations of contemporary methods. They usually maintain, also, that human beings and animals are so differently constituted that experiments on animals are of little use as a guide to the treatment of human beings; but that seems not to be true. They also express contempt and utter disbelief in serums and inoculations, which lack of faith the general public does not share.

It is a hard subject. The abuses of vivisection are heart-rending, and yet the growth of medical knowledge seems to depend in a very important degree on experiments with animals. To regulate it overmuch is to impair, if not destroy, its usefulness, and American legislatures as a rule have been loath to interfere. The District of Columbia is a small place, and it is not a vital matter whether vivisection is over-regulated there or not, but inasmuch as the Senate committee has gone into the matter pretty deeply, the conclusions it comes to as a result of the testimony it has listened to may be of some importance as a precedent.

THIS is how the Philippines question strikes an American fighting-man who has been at work in Luzon for a year past helping to bring about the necessary pacification preliminary to the adjustment of the problems of government in that island. In a private letter he writes:

"Please make ——— stop helping the insurgents. The poor fellows out here need the help of every American in word and deed to put a stop to this war. When it is over and they stop shooting at us from ambush just to keep the thing up 'until Bryan and Hoar are elected,' we'll all pitch in and see to it that the nasty things have their nasty old islands, which a mingling of Spanish and Oriental falsehood, treachery, and oppression, together with an unwholesome climate, has rendered unfit for persons from the United States to live in."

These are appealing sentiments, and express feelings which are respectfully commended to the consideration of the makers of platforms for the impending Presidential campaign.

AN unwelcome report from London last week represented that Mr. Julian Ralph had got back there on May 26, invalided, and with a leg so injured that he was likely to lose it. This is bad news for Mr. Ralph's friends, of whom there are many among the readers of the WEEKLY. He would still be a good and useful man with only one leg, but two are better, and we must hope for better accounts of him. In a letter dated May 1, which the newspapers quote, he gives a whimsical account of his misfortunes, the gravity of which is not hidden even by the humor with which he recounts them. Seven months of South-African warfare, he says, have changed him from a man into an exhibit for a medical museum. Long-continued sand diet used up his valuable and enduring stomach; a piece of Boer shell hit him hard enough in the chest to put him out of the campaign for many days; travelling in a Cape cart, he fell into a ditch with the cart on top of him, greatly impairing one of his legs; and when, a month later, he was well enough to sit on a horse, the horse he essayed shot him into a wire fence—barbed wire, no doubt—which tore up his surfaces and fractured some of his indispensable insides. He does not like the war. It has done him ill turns, "and, oh!" he cries, "how deadly, unutterably sick I am of it!"

Reading these and other deliverances of so cheerful a writer as Mr. Ralph, one gets a new notion of what the hardships of the South-African war have been, and of the enormous disproportion between the cost in men and money of the British operations and any imaginable advantage that can result from them. When the job is done, and the censor retires from business, the writing-men who were with the armies will have some notable stories to tell, provided any of them are left alive to work at their trade. There won't be many.

The war has proved a very serious proposition to the newspaper correspondents. London has reported the death of twenty-one war correspondents. The London *Times* lost a man the other day at Ladysmith. The London *Mail*, which Mr. Ralph represented, is said to have had ten correspondents put out of service by death or disabilities. It must make promotion rapid, but even promotion can be overdone when it has for its basis such appalling mortality.

IF there are 75,000,000 people in this country, and one person in 250 plays golf, it makes 300,000 American players; and if they play six times a month for six months out of each twelve, and use up two balls each time they play, it calls for about 21,000,000 balls, which would cost about $5,000,000. That is the national expenditure for golf-balls as estimated by a newspaper writer who discourses about them. Inasmuch as he cannot prove the accuracy of his estimates we are at liberty to consider them too high. It is possible that there are 300,000 golf-playing Americans, though, considering the tardiness of our agricultural population in taking up the sport, that seems a liberal estimate. But given that many golf-players, do they play seventy-two times a year? It seems to an uninformed but dispassionate observer that that estimate is at least twice too high. Money is undoubtedly spent for golf-balls, and the sum of that item of our national expenditures is undoubtedly important. It is well spent, and even though we cannot be sure that all of it is deducted from the national drink bill, it does represent a diversion of dollars from other investments, most of which are less profitable than golf. Even at present rates for balls, golf is much less expensive than amateur farming, and in most cases is better for the experimenter's health.

Every golf-player must have wondered at the price of golf-balls. They cost, when new and good, about four dollars a dozen. It is a comfort to be assured that at least half of this sum is paid for the gutta-percha they are made of, and which at present is brought from Borneo and other remote tropical places. The discovery of a good mine of gutta-percha here at home would doubtless help very much to extend the popularity of golf, but, after all, the heaviest cost of the game is the expenditure of time. The time it consumes is at once its great drawback and its great merit.

MR. W. S. TAYLOR, lately Governor of Kentucky, is reported to be much broken in health as the result of his experiences since his election. He seems fairly entitled to a large measure of public sympathy. Beyond question he was elected Governor of Kentucky. He assumed the office and held it until the courts decided that under the iniquitous Goebel law the Democratic Legislature had lawfully conferred his office upon his rival. Then, submitting to the court's decree, he abdicated, and left the State to avoid arrest and trial for usurpation, the murder of Goebel, or any other charge his Democratic opponents might find it expedient to bring against him. He has said that he dared not take the chance of getting justice from the Kentucky courts, and his reluctance to face them seems reasonable. Meanwhile, for the time being, he is an exile from his home, broken in health, impoverished and distressed, a victim of political rascality with which he could not contend except by stirring up civil war. He has done well to accept the decision of the courts and retire, but in due time and somehow republican government in Kentucky must be restored, and the will of the people must rule again.

ON May 26 the Boston fund for summer-schooling the Cuban teachers had reached $55,000, and was growing fast. The list of subscriptions as the *Transcript* gives them are very interesting and edifying to persons who know their Boston. The money drops into the hat in chunks from one dollar to $1000. There have been several subscriptions of $500; gifts of $250 are numerous; gifts of $100, $50, and $25 are common; and there are more gifts of $10 than of $5. To see Boston let go of money when her philanthropic impulses are stirred is an inspiring sight, and does the observer good.

It is reported at this writing that there is a fire in the Calumet and Hecla Mine, but we must hope it may not prove serious. We must hope also that the farmers in the Northwest who are praying for rain will get it, and enable the railroads in those parts to pay dividends to their Boston stockholders, and that the Bell Telephone, and Atchison, and all the other enabling interests which qualify Boston folks to shine as subscribers may work together for good.

THE New York *Sun* printed, on May 27, a page of narrative about the condition of contemporary affairs in Chicago which was adapted to make people of these parts uneasy because Chicago is not much more than 1000 miles away. Chicago, being a big town, is expected to be reasonably unruly and wicked, but if a fair proportion of the stories about it are true it must be exceeding reasonable limits. We have all heard repeatedly of late of the troubles with organized labor there, of the restriction of the right of workmen to work or employers to employ except as the unions prescribe. We remember how in every recent celebration that has been held in Chicago the question of labor-union rules, restrictions, and permissions has been foremost. The *Sun's* story is chiefly concerned with crimes and violent deeds that are a consequence of prevailing labor troubles. There is an institution in Chicago called the Building Trades Council, which includes all the unions that have anything to do with building, divides all work among them, and prescribes apparently who shall do any job, how much work each man shall do in a day, and what his wages shall be. Between this council and the contractors of Chicago there is war, and until it is fought out, from ten to twenty million dollars' worth of buildings planned or in course of erection must stand still. The final consequence of very grave and protracted labor troubles in any city always is that employers and manufacturers move away. The result of labor troubles that spread very widely in any country is that some other country gets business. If affairs in Chicago are desperate, of course the city's prosperity will be checked, and the cure will come in time from the dearth of bones to fight over. But inasmuch as great hardship, suffering, and loss must ensue before cure of that sort can work itself out, all mercifully minded observers are constrained to hope that Chicago may find some prompter remedy for her troubles. The remedy must come very promptly if it is to help this year's trade, for concerns with big building operations in view are postponing their schemes until such a time as there is a better prospect of carrying them out.

THE Princeton *Alumni Weekly* has been investigating the ages and expenditures of Princeton undergraduates, and finds that the normal age has increased by five months in twenty years. But average expenditure has not increased. Board, room rent, and tuition have all increased somewhat in cost since 1880, but thrift must have waxed also, for the average expenditure in Senior year was $816 in 1881 and $743 in 1899, and has varied during the intermediate years between $900 in 1887 and $724 in 1897. Computation of average expenses of recent classes for all four college years shows analogous variation, but no increase.

THE time may come when the rich Americans who have moved to England to escape the embarrassing attentions of their countrymen may be constrained by the same motives to move back home. London begins to groan over the horrors of the invasion of American millionaires, who, the *Daily Mail* says, "are so enormously rich that they are indifferent to the fancy prices asked for great estates." For a good while the English have had more money than other folks, and it has been inconvenient for their poorer neighbors to have them about on that account. The prospect now is that the Americans are going to be a great deal richer than the English, and they will probably be as great a nuisance to the English as the English have ever been to any of the other Europeans.

It has long been a habit of Americans with inadequate fixed incomes to go abroad to live when they got too poor to live at home. English people do the same, but a good many of them now come here and live in various settlements, especially in some parts of the South, where they find a country life that suits them and that doesn't cost too much. It is possible to have good sport for a very moderate amount of money in various parts of this land, provided you have the moderate income requisite, and have few or no rich neighbors, and like the neighbors you do have.

THE Greek Church has finally separated itself from Tolstoi. In his last novel, the *Resurrection*, he criticises unsparingly its ceremonies and gives it an exceedingly bad notice. The Church felt before that he had dissembled his love for it somewhat too successfully, but *Resurrection* fairly kicked it down stairs, and having picked itself up, it has declared through the Metropolitan of St. Petersburg that Tolstoi is a hopeless heretic, and that no priest shall give him the sacrament or bury him unless he repents and acknowledges the Orthodox doctrine and comes back into the fold. It has been quietly done, because Tolstoi is strong with the Russian people. It does not appear that it will affect Tolstoi very much one way or the other, except somewhat perhaps in his feelings. He had already put aside the dogmas of the Greek Church and most other churches, and though he maintained for a time a connection with the Russian Church, he had come in later years to the conclusion that it was worse than no church at all.

ON May 23 the House of Representatives' Committee on Military Affairs, by a vote of nine to three, ordered a favorable report on the anti-canteen bill. A newspaper despatch says that the bill was supported by the Rev. Wilbur F. Crafts and Mrs. J. Ellen Foster, and was opposed by Secretary Root, General Corbin, General Miles, and a very large majority of the officers of the army. If the bill passes Congress and the President does not veto it, it will afford a very interesting object-lesson of the sort of influence that is effectual for the regulation of the concerns of the army.

THE Methodist Conference in Chicago, which has shown an exceedingly lively interest in the army canteen, declined on May 28, after a hot fight, to adopt the majority report of its Temperance Committee, which denounced the Attorney-General, and censured the President for allowing the anti-canteen bill which Congress passed in its last session to fail of effect. But it did adopt a minority report, lamenting the failure of the former anti-canteen bill, and calling upon the President to support the one now before Congress.

TRANSATLANTIC TOPICS

BY SYDNEY BROOKS

WERE it not for the South-African war the great question of Europe at the present moment would certainly be America. Even as it is, the United States is occupying the second thoughts of English and Continental statesmen more continuously than ever before. There are two overshadowing reasons for this new growth of interest. The first is America's dramatic entrance into the field of "world-politics," and the complete uncertainty, almost alarm, as to the lines on which her foreign policy is to run. Possibly Americans themselves are not quite sure of what is to follow the upheaval in their international position produced by the Spanish war. Europe, at any rate, is wholly in the dark. It is aware that a new and most formidable force has introduced itself into the politics of the world, with no apparent idea of remaining quiescent. But of the form which its activity will take, of how far the United States will have to be reckoned with in the future—in China, for example—Europe can only guess; and not knowing very much about America, usually contrives to guess rather wildly. But there is a second and somewhat more palpable cause to explain the amount and variety of transatlantic speculations on the policy of the United States. Europe is passing through a time of anxious disquietude as to the scope of the Monroe Doctrine and the chances of its ever being seriously enforced against the Old World. For this Mr. Root's memorable utterance a few weeks ago is to be thanked, and though the Secretary of War tried afterwards to explain it away as a purely personal and academic opinion, Europe persists, not altogether wrongly, in looking upon it as another brick added to the structure of which Mr. Monroe's Presidential message of 1823 laid the foundation. Such indeed it really is, and Europeans perceive rather more clearly, I imagine, than most Americans that a time must come when Mr. Root's warning will be justified, and the United States be obliged either to forego her suzerainty over the southern half of the continent or else fight to maintain it. That time may not come in twenty or even fifty years, but that come it will is the prophecy of the most thoughtful and conservative of European publicists—a prophecy, too, that has the experience of history—one might almost say the inevitable evolution of things—to give it authority.

SO long as it is not a matter of urgency, Americans will probably pay little heed to it, being true to Anglo-Saxon deficiencies in their impatience of future possibilities—of everything, indeed, that cannot be set about "right away." But Europe, one may be sure, with the advantage of a perspective of three thousand miles, will be able to remember and foresee, and from time to time there will sweep across it just such waves of speculation and resentment as it is now experiencing. The fact that the echoes of Mr. Root's speech are still rumbling through Europe shows that the Monroe Doctrine is coming to be recognized for what it really is—one of the great questions of the world. The war in South Africa hardly deserves to be mentioned by the side of it, and even the grave problems bound up in the future of Turkey, of Morocco, of China, or of Austria-Hungary have nothing in them more important or more critical than what is involved in the fate of South America. On what may be called the historical side of the Monroe Doctrine, its gradual and inevitable development, from the time when Canning "called in the New World to redress the balance of the Old," enough and more than enough has been written. Much more to the point is to consider what it stands for at the present time. Reduced to its simplest terms it may be set down as implying two things—(1) that the American people will not allow any European power to colonize in South America, and (2) that in any dispute between a European government and a South-American republic the United States claims the right of stepping in between the combatants and insisting on the affair being settled by arbitration. Such at least seems to be the only summing up that will fit the version of the Monroe Doctrine unfolded by President Cleveland and Mr. Olney, and I believe it fairly represents the determination and policy of the majority of Americans. It is with this that Europe has to reckon.

IT is worth remembering that no country except England has recognized the right of the United States to be the final arbiter of South-American destinies. When Lord Salisbury agreed to Mr. Olney's demand for arbitration, the German official papers were very careful to point out that "the precedent in question is at most an English and in no way a European precedent," and the entire Continental press followed suit. The governments of Germany, France, Austria, and Italy are therefore entirely unfettered by any endorsement of the claims of the United States in prosecuting their South-American policies. In their view the Monroe Doctrine is the most domineering mandate issued to the world since the days of imperial Rome; and as their side of the case is rarely heard in America, it may be as well to set it forth with some fulness. South America is the only part of the world's surface that has escaped the modern rage for colonization. It is a *congerie* of pseudo-republics, covering an enormous area and containing a comparatively small population. Mexico is as large as all the countries of western Europe put together; Brazil is larger than Europe or the United States; the Argentine Republic could support the populations of England, France, and Germany, and even the smaller republics are bigger than most European monarchies. Much of it is still almost unexplored. It is well watered, abounding in vegetable and mineral wealth, and can be settled and lived in by Caucasians. It is the last and most tempting field for the reception of over-crowded Europe.

AROUND this field—in the opinion of Europe—America has drawn a fence which is simply the concrete form of the dog-in-the-manger spirit applied to international politics. The United States does not colonize South America herself; she does not admit responsibility for the outrages, disorders, and financial crookedness of the half-breed republics under her patronage, but she says to Europe: "This is our sphere of influence. If you care to come here and settle down, you are free to do so, but you must leave your flag behind you. We can have no competition of European monarchies with the intelligent, progressive republicanism of Colombia and Ecuador. These new and struggling governments must work out their salvation without your interference. We are not responsible for their behavior to you, but we shall keep a very careful watch on your treatment of them. We shall not, in the event of trouble, allow you to seize and hold one inch of their territory. You must seek satisfaction in some other way. Those of you who already hold possessions in South America may keep them, but must not enlarge them." To this Europe replies, in effect, that the republicanism of the South-American states is simply a gigantic fraud, encouraged and perpetuated by the Monroe Doctrine, which bars the way to a more stable and civilized form of government; and that if the United States feels that she is serving the best interests of the world by fostering a collection of half-caste military autocracies, speaking a deboshed Castilian, she is bound at the same time to safeguard foreign settlers against the violence of her *protégés*, or else leave the injured outlanders and their government to exact such reparation as they think fit.

The constant effort of Europe is to lighten the social pressure by finding an outlet for her surplus population, and the tide of emigration that has been setting towards South America during the past few years will soon rise to an overpowering flood. It is then that the crisis will come. Imagine, for instance, 1,000,000 Germans settled in Brazil! How long is it likely they would remain satisfied with the *mestizo* attorneys and political adventurers in control of the government at Rio Janeiro? And having ousted them and taken over the conduct of affairs for themselves, what would be more natural than for them to offer their acquisitions to the Kaiser? What, too, when one gets right down to the bottom of the matter, would be more beneficial to Brazil? Or suppose a European war-ship destroyed in a South-American port as the *Maine* was destroyed. There is not a country in the world, least of all on the Continent, where the military spirit is everything, that would hesitate to make war under such provocation; or that, having made it, would shrink from the only means of preventing anything of the kind happening again. Or suppose, once more, the outbreak of such a revolution as plunged Paraguay thirty years ago into a welter of anarchy and savage warfare. It is unthinkable that in the event of the destruction of European lives and property the government of Germany or France or Italy would remain passive when appealed to by its subjects. And what in such a crisis would be the policy of the United States administration? It could hardly forbid a power to protect its own citizens. It would be quite unwilling to give satisfaction out of its own pocket, or even offer a guarantee for the preservation of peace in the future. It could therefore only prohibit the war altogether, or else step in after it was over and prevent the victor from reaping the spoils. Either course would bring it perilously near to a conflict itself. That such a conflict is impossible will hardly be affirmed by any one who remembers, on the one hand, the deep, if somewhat unreasonable, loyalty of Americans to the Monroe Doctrine, and, on the other, the congested condition of Europe, which would make expansion a necessity even if it were not all the fashion just now, the extraordinary inducements to colonization offered by South America—practically the only country with any inducements of the kind to offer nowadays—and the spirit of revolutionary turbulence that broods over the continent from Patagonia to the Gulf of Panama. It seems, at least, wellnigh inconceivable that South America should remain for another fifty years as it is now. Some day or other the United States will either have to set to work and "Egyptize" the southern half of the continent, or submit to seeing it parcelled out among the nations of Europe.

THE death of the Grand Vizier of Morocco, coupled with the movements of French troops along the Algerian frontier, and suspiciously near the Sultan's territory, has brought up the whole Morocco question once more. Sid Ahmed was a typical Oriental minister, and for the past six years practically ruled the land of the setting sun—the Sultan, who is still only a boy of nineteen or twenty, being too young and helpless to know what was going on. The late Vizier was unequalled in the art of extracting blood from a stone, and it is chiefly owing to the energy of his exactions that Morocco, which might be a prosperous and contented land, has sunk back into a state of utter exhaustion—its soil untilled, some of its most fertile districts laid waste, its mines unworked, and its people three-quarters ruined. The history of his term of office is simply a record of massacres, depredations, and bloody repressions; and if the repressions were justifiable, the pitiless extortions and confiscations that followed them, out of which the Grand Vizier was able to build himself a palace in every European capital, could only be pardoned by an Oriental. Little trustworthy news of what goes on in the interior of Morocco, where the Sultan lives at Marakash, reaches the European settlements on the coast, and the real consequences of the Vizier's death are still a matter of guess-work. A cousin has already been appointed to succeed him, but whether he will be able, like his strong and unscrupulous predecessor, to keep his party intact at court and hold down the mutinous tribes, remains to be seen.

MEANWHILE the French operations on the frontier are causing almost as much uneasiness in Europe as in Morocco. The French claim that their expeditions are merely for the purpose of occupying territory included in the Algerian sphere of influence under the conventions of 1890, and have nothing at all to do with the Morocco question. Be that as it may, it is evident that the tribes between the Tuat and El-Golea are hostile to their new masters, and that the French have been obliged to establish military stations along the frontier of Morocco to prevent the importation of arms and ammunition. The tribes in the southeastern corner of Morocco have retaliated by preaching a Holy War against the French, and it is quite possible there may be a serious clash. Europe diagnoses the incident as another of the endless attempts of the French to burrow a path into the Moorish Empire. To this end they have bent themselves during the past few years with considerable patience and ingenuity, one of their cleverest experiments being to enlist recruits for the Algerian army from the tribes along the Riff coast—offering them food, pay, clothing, and, above all, French naturalization, which would exempt them from taxes on their return home, and at the same time provide a good excuse for French intervention in case of need. But no permanent foothold has been won either in the land or the heart of the Moor. Every approach has been rebuffed with that fierce fanaticism which the centuries have shown themselves powerless to move, and any village that is daring enough to send a batch of recruits to the French forces receives a speedy visit from the Sultan's soldiers and is incontinently wiped off the map. It is not at all certain that the fate of the Italians in Abyssinia would not be repeated by the French in Morocco if the conquest of the Moors were ever to be attempted seriously. But Morocco has a better safeguard in the jealousies and rivalries of Europe than even in the fanatical bravery of its soldiers, and no single-handed attempt to overcome it will ever be permitted. The few hundred miles of coast-line between Tangier and the western frontier of Algeria, the possession of which would practically nullify the value of Gibraltar, and consequently of Egypt, mean too much both to England and Italy for either country to allow them to pass under the control of a first-class maritime power.

IT is perhaps regrettable that England should have been completely misled as to the real opinion of the United States on the Boer war. The natural ignorance that prevails throughout England of America and all things American, if not quite as great as it was before the Venezuelan squabble, is still formidable enough, and in this case the correspondents of the English press have rather added to it than otherwise. That England expected the United States to repay the good turn done her in 1898 and throw all her moral weight against the Boers is certain; but it is hardly less certain that the United States has done no such thing. The British, however, are still under the delusion that the vast majority of Americans approved of the war from the start, and have been with them in sympathy ever since. As a matter of fact it would probably be nearer the mark to say that there were scarcely any Americans who did not believe that the war could and should have been avoided, and that those who ranged themselves on the British side, when the war had actually opened, did so in a lukewarm and somewhat reluctant fashion, less on the specific merits of the British case than in the general interests of civilization. It is quite clearly recognized in England that those Americans who desire the actual triumph of the Boers and have tried to induce the President to intervene are only a discredited minority of hyphenated ancestry. What is not understood is that there is a large amount of pro-Boer sentiment which is not in any sense anti-British, and that the average American, while he wishes to see England prevail in the end, thinks she had rather the worst of the moral and legal arguments, and consequently was not greatly displeased that she should have begun by having rather the worst of the actual fighting. The progress of the Boer delegates has, therefore, not been without its educational value for Englishmen. While the polite snub administered to them by Mr. Hay was neither more nor less than what they had already met with in Europe, and only what England thoroughly expected they would receive at Washington, the popular interest in their mission, even as minimized by the English correspondents, has come as something of a surprise; and the best-informed papers are already warning Englishmen that "America is incapable of political gratitude," and that England is going to be rapped on the knuckles pretty sharply during the Presidential campaign.

Mr. Dooley: On the Boer Mission*

BY F. P. DUNNE

"WELL, sir," said Mr. Dooley, "'tis a fine raycip-tion th' Boer dillygates is havin' in this counthry."

"They'll be out here nex' week," said Mr. Hennessy.

"They will that," Mr. Dooley replied, "an' we'll show thim that our inthrest in small raypublics fightin' f'r their liberty ain't disappeared since we become an impeeryal nation. No, sir. We have as much inthrest as iver, but we have more inthrests elsewhere.

"Oom Paul, he says to th' la-ads, 'Go,' he says, 'to me good an' great frind Mack th' Wanst, an' lay th' case befure him,' he says. 'Tell him,' he says, 'that th' situation is jus' th' same as it was durin' Wash'n'ton's time,' he says, 'on'y Wash'n'ton won an' we're rapidly losin' kopjes till we soon won't have wan to sthrike a match on,' he says. An' off goes th' good men. Whin they started th' Boers was doin' pretty well, Hinnissy. They were fightin' Englishmen, an' that's lawn tinnis to a rale fightin'-man. But afther a while th' murdherin' English government put in a few recreent but gallant la-ads fr'm th' ol' dart—we ought to be proud iv thim, curse thim—Pat O'Roberts, an' Mike McKitchener, an' Terence O'Fr-rinch—an' they give th' view-halloo an' wint through th' Dutch like a party iv la-ads comin' home fr'm a fifteenth iv August picnic might go through a singerbund. So be th' time th' dillygates got to Europe it was: 'James, if thim br-rave but misguided Dutch appears, squirt th' garden-hose on thim. I'll see th' British embassadure this afthernoon.' Ye see, Hinnissy, 'twas ol' Kruger's play to keep on winnin' battles till th' dillygates had their say. Th' amount iv sympathy that goes out f'r a sthrugglin' people is reg'lated, Hinnissy, be th' amount iv sthrugglin' th' people can do. Th' wurruld, me la-ad, is with th' undher dog on'y as long as he has a good hold an' a chanst to tur-rn over.

"Well, sir, whin th' dillygates see they cudden't do business in Europe, says they to thimselves, 'We'll pike acrost th' ragin' sea,' they says, 'an' in th' home iv Wash'n'ton, Lincoln, an' Willum J. Bryan, ye bet we'll have a hearin',' an' they got wan. Ivrybody's listenin' to thim. But no wan replies. If they'd come here three months ago, befure Crownjoy was suffocated out iv his hole in th' groun', they'd be smokin' their pipes in rockin'-chairs on th' veranda iv th' White House an' passin' th' bucket between thim and Mack. But 'tis diff'rent now. Says Willum J. Bryan: 'I can't see thim mesilf, f'r it may not be long befure I'll have to dale with these inthricate problems, I hope an' pray, but, Congressman Squirtwather, do ye disguise ye'ersilf as a private citizen an' go down to th' hotel an' tell these la-ads that I'm with thim quitely if public opinyon justifies it an' Mack takes th' other side. Tell thim I frequently say to mesilf that they're all r-right, but I wudden't want it to go further. Perhaps they cud be injooced to speak at a Dimmycratic meetin' unbeknown to me,' he says.

"Sicrety Hay meets thim in a coal-cellar, wearin' a mask. 'Gintlemen,' says he, 'I can assure ye th' Prisidint an' mesilf feels mos' deeply f'r ye. I needn't tell ye about mesilf,' he says. 'Haven't I sint me own son into ye'er accursed but liberty-lovin' counthry?' he says. 'As f'r Mack, I assure ye he's hear-rt-broken over th' tur-rn affairs have taken,' he says. 'Early in th' war he wrote to Lord Salisberry, sayin' he hoped 'twud not be continyued to iliction-day, an' Salisberry give him a gruff response. Tur-rned him down, though both ar-re Anglo-Saxons,' he says. 'Las' night his sobs fairly shook th' White House as he thought iv you an' ye'er sthruggle. He wants to tell ye how much he thinks iv ye, an' he'll meet ye in th' carredge-house if ye'll shave off ye'er whiskers an' go as clam-peddlers. Ye'll reco'nize him in a green livery. He'll wear a pink carnation in his button-hole. Give th' names iv Dorsey an' Flannigan, an' if th' English ambassadure goes by get down on ye'er han's an' knees an' don't make a sign till he's out iv sight,' he says. 'Th' stout party in blue near by 'll be Mark Hanna. He may be able to arrange a Raypublican meetin' f'r ye to addhress,' he says. 'Th' gr-reat hear-rt iv th' Raypublican party throbs f'r ye. So does Mack's,' he says. 'So does mine,' he says.

"Well, th' dillygates met Mack an' they had a pleasant chat. 'Will ye,' says they, 'inthervene an' whistle off th' dogs iv war?' they says. 'Whisper,' says Mack, th' tears flowin' down his cheeks. 'Ivet since this war started me eyes have been fixed on th' gallant or otherwise nation or dependancy fightin' its brave battle f'r freedom or rebellin' again th' sov'reign power as th' case may be,' he says. 'Unofficially, my sympathy has gone out to ye unofficially, an' bur-rnin' wurruds iv unofficial cheer has been communicated unofficially be me to me unofficial fam'ly, not, mind ye, as an official iv this magnificent an' liberty-lovin' raypublic, but as a private citizen,' he says. 'I feel, as a private citizen, that so long,' he says, 'as th' br-right star iv liberty shines resplindent over our common counthries, with th' example iv Wash'n'ton in ye'er eyes, an' th' iliction comin' on, that ye must go forward an' conker or die,' he says. 'An,' he says, 'William McKinley is not th' man to put annything in ye'er way,' he says. 'Go back to me gr-reat an' good frind an' tell him that th' gr-reat hear-rt iv th' Raypublican party throbs f'r him,' he says. 'An' Sicrety Hay's,' he says, 'an' mine,' he says, 'unofficially,' he says. 'Me official hear-rt,' he says, 'is not permitted be th' Constitution to throb durin' wurrukin' hours,' he says.

"An' so it goes. Ivrywhere th' dillygates tur-rns they see th' sign, 'This is me busy day.' An' whin they get back home they can tell th' people they found th' United States exudin' sympathy at ivry pore—'marked private.'"

"Don't ye think th' United States is enthusyastic f'r th' Boers?" asked the innocent Hennessy.

"It was," said Mr. Dooley, "but in th' las' few weeks it's had so manny things to think iv. Th' enthusyasm iv this counthry, Hinnissy, always makes me think iv a bonfire on an ice-floe. It burns bright so long as ye feed it, an' it looks good, but it don't take hold, somehow, on th' ice."

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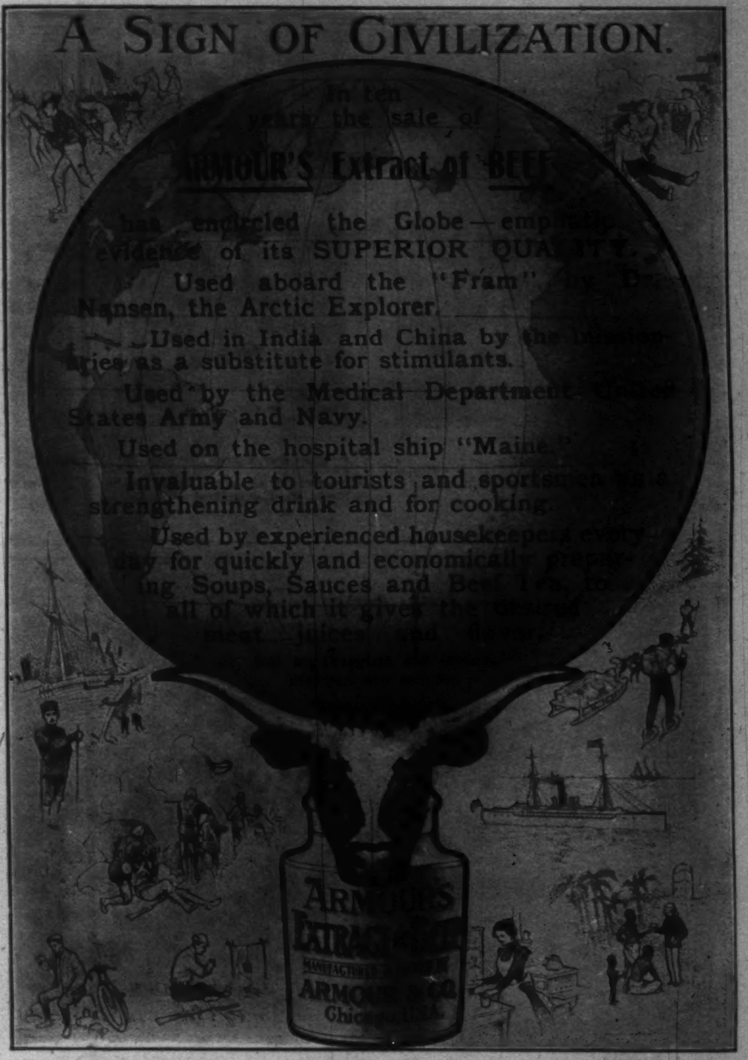

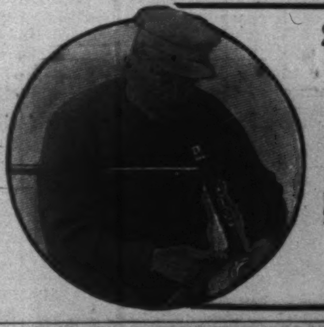

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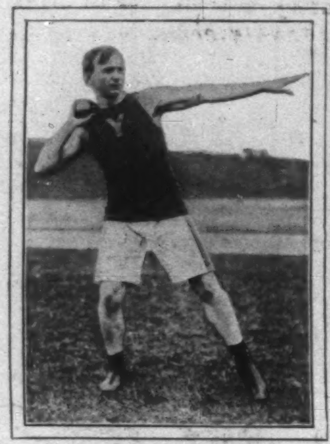

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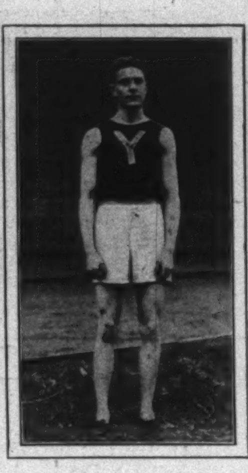


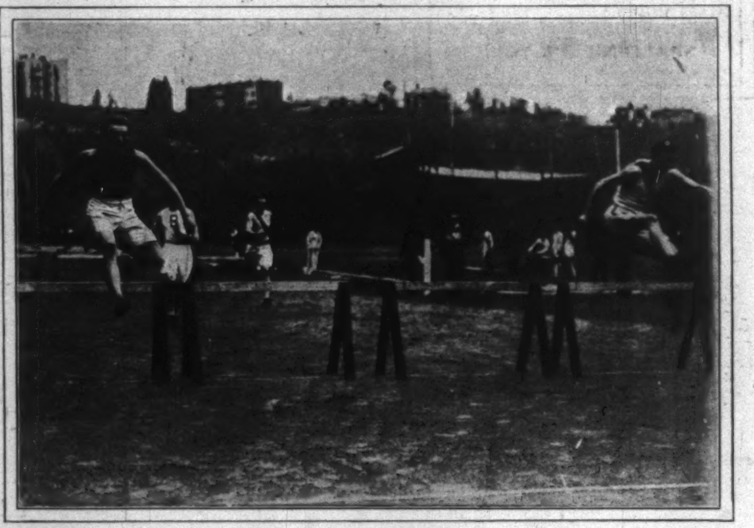
DIXON BOARDMAN,—YALE,
Winner of the Quarter-Mile Run, 49 3-5 sec.

A. PLAW,—U. OF CAL.,
Winner of Hammer-throwing, making a new Record of 154 ft. 4 1-2 in.

J. F. CREGAN,—PRINCETON,
Winning the 1-Mile Run in 4 min. 24 2-5 sec.

A. N. RICE,—HARVARD,
Taking Second Place in the High Jump, 5 ft. 9 1-2 in.

A. GRANT,—U. OF PENN.,
Winning the 2-Mile Run in 9 min. 51 3-5 sec.



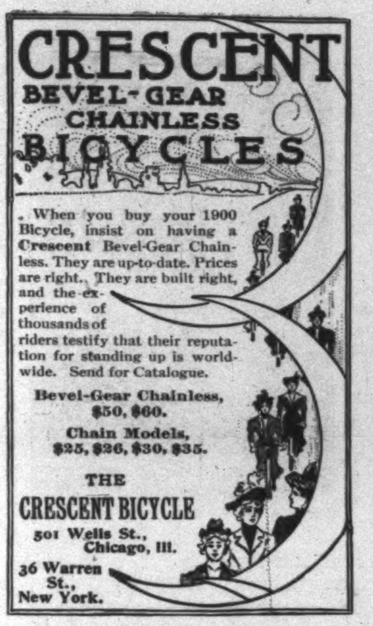
A. C. KRAENZLEIN,—U. OF PENN.,
Winning the 220-Yards Hurdle Race in 25 1-5 sec.

J. M. PERRY,—PRINCETON,
Winning the Half-Mile Run in 2 min. 24 3-5 sec.

A. C. KRAENZLEIN,—U. OF PENN.,
Winning the 100-Yards Dash in 10 1-5 sec.

THE INTERCOLLEGIATE CHAMPIONSHIP GAMES, COLUMBIA FIELD, MAY 26, 1900.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHARLES A. SLOSSON.



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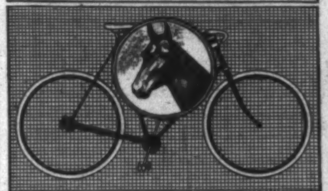

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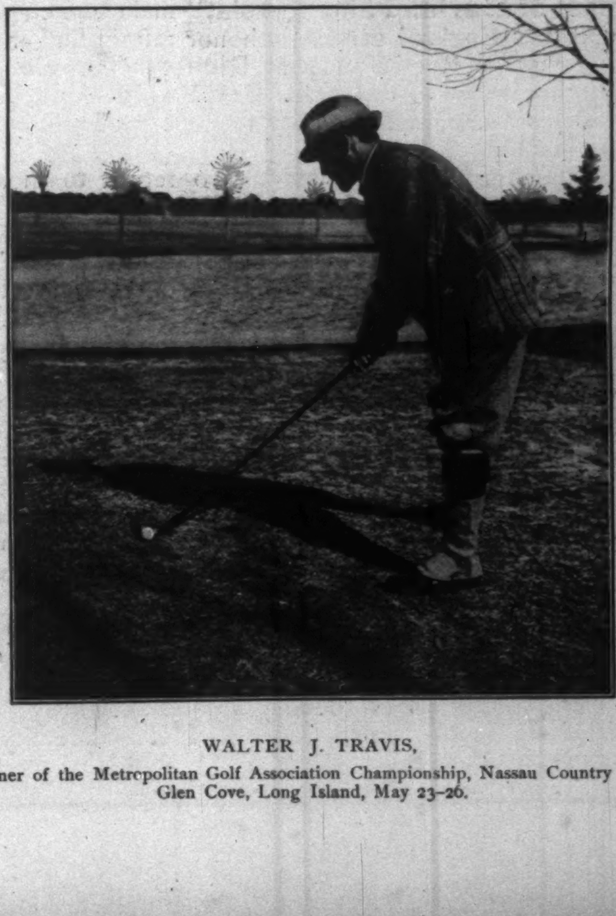
NOTES OF A BOOKMAN

BY E. D. BEACH

IT is not new and not surprising to have from Chicago a style of fiction which is calculated to make us think; and we believe that those who love to exercise and refresh themselves with problems will find in *Differences*, a novel by Mr. Hervey White (Small, Maynard, & Co., Boston), an abundance of this reasonable form of pleasure.[1] Since we can remember, and, we presume, for a period much longer, generous minds have troubled themselves about the differences in social conditions. It is to these that Mr. White's title refers, and his story revolves upon the question whether an accomplished and fastidious girl, accustomed to the graces and the luxuries of life, and qualified to teach school, should marry a mechanic, a widower with two children, a smoker of cheap tobacco, who drank at one time, and who is out of work. Mr. George Warrington, of the Middle Temple, once favored his friend Mr. Arthur Pendennis, of the same place, with a notable lecture which might be thought to have a bearing upon a case like this. Mr. Warrington was a gentleman of much sanity of mind; his lecture, moreover, was strengthened by the circumstance that it was founded upon his own experience, he having married in the rashness of youth somebody who was not in the least suited to him; and Mr. Warrington declared that persons of widely different social stations should not marry each other.

The present story does not solve the problem. The heroine marries her mechanic, but she does it only at the end of the book, and we are not told whether they were happy or not. The intimation is that she did a noble act, and it is certain that she did something that she very much wished to do. She found her mechanic handsome and interesting. It is said, on page 128: "He opened his waistcoat and put the book carefully back in the inside pocket. The action gave Genevieve an opportunity to notice what a columnar body he had. It was sturdy and rugged, like the trunk of an oak, but with more than the oak's suppleness and freedom. She saw, too, that he was conscious of her glance. 'You must be a very strong man, Mr. Wade,' she said, in reply to his appreciation. His chest raised, and he squared himself proudly. 'Among the young lads of my set I've



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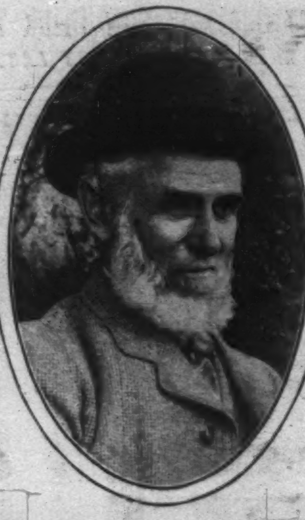

FRANCIS FISHER BROWNE,

Founder and Editor of the "Dial," which has recently celebrated its Twentieth Anniversary.

whipped many a one who outweighed and outmeasured me,' he said, with a laugh in his voice. He stood with his feet well apart, his shoulders lifted, and head thrown back and saucily tipped on one side. A flash of remembered merriment was soft in his dark blue eyes; the knowledge of strength and power was quivering in his delicate nostrils; only the student brow was calm and placid as ever, with the light hair blowing caressingly back."

Was he calculated to make Genevieve happy? In the matter of his columnar body, surely, he was like many an approved hero of the story-books. We have no doubt that his neck was also columnar; and we may say incidentally that heroes with columnar necks and bodies always remind us of the Giant's Causeway and the caves of Staffa, and by reason of that circumstance occur to us objects particularly vast and splendid. The expression "his chest raised" presents a slight grammatical difficulty, but we are not inclined to be disturbed by it, and we take in with unmodified interest the saucy attitude of Wade, his quivering knowledge so curiously exhibited, the beauty of his hair and eyes, and the calm majesty of his student brow. If it was his habit to dine in his shirt sleeves, what does that signify more than a reasonable disposition to make life in Chicago as comfortable as possible? His fingers were stubby, but Genevieve had eyes to perceive the beauty of his strong working-man's hands. But could she be happy with him when it came to the pass where they should be united for enduring intimacies and life-long interchanges of soul? He had his doubts; he was a man of conscience; he ran away from her; he travelled for hundreds of miles surreptitiously in freight-cars in the company of tramps; he buried himself in the peace and hard labor of a distant farm; but she called him back and married him, and they were either happy or not, according as every reader may think for himself, since the author does not say.

Zealots in behalf of optimism may find the tale a little too sombre. Goose Island, where the hero lived, is in the middle of the Chicago River, and is a dreadful place in summer, and not a paradise in winter. This is set forth with realistic persistence in the story, which transacts itself in large part in the shadow of a vast and leaky gasometer, amid poisons of water and earth and air, and clouds of pestilent insects, in tropical heat and polar cold, melting, refrigerating, and rich with fevers, pleurisies, and rheums. Settlement houses are not always the most cheerful of places, but there is a settlement-house in this story which is prodigiously cheerful in comparison with Goose Island. Here the impoverished neighborhood came to tea, and left its babies when it went to work. Here lived Genevieve, evolving schemes of philanthropy and overflowing with pity for the helpless poor. Hither came John Wade to beg for money when he and his children were starving. Here Genevieve, weeping for his troubles, poured into his hands twelve dollars and sixty cents, the entire contents of her pocket-book; and from this place she went to visit him at Goose Island, and carried him decent tobacco and a handsome pipe, and money to buy coal and food.

A story varied in its scenes, it will be observed; and if its variety does not include further any great cheerfulness, or a sense of humor that is always sufficient to be saving, still it is a readable and even an impressive story, and the only important fault that we have to find with it is that it neglects to tell us whether the union in matrimony of downright John and desirable Genevieve was as fortunate as every generous reader is bound to hope that it was.

HAVE you ever noticed the editorial motto which appears at the top of the cover of every number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW? It reads: "*Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur,*" and it is the promise of the REVIEW—amply redeemed every month—that in its pages all sides of every important question shall have "a fair field and no favor." The June Number of

The North American Review

which has just been published, is an admirable exemplification of this idea. In it many of the leaders in the worlds of politics, diplomacy, and theology state their views freely and openly, untrammeled by any restraint of editorial policy.

The leading article of the number is **"The Issue in the Presidential Campaign,"** by **William Jennings Bryan.** In this paper Mr. Bryan enters a forcible and dignified protest against the attitude of the Administration on the trust question, discusses the development of the currency problem since the campaign of 1896, and emphatically states his position on imperialism.

Turning from our own political situation to one of almost equal interest to every American citizen, there are two papers on the South African question which, in view of the present state of the war, are of the greatest importance. The first is **"Cecil Rhodes' Future,"** by the **Princess Radziwill.** This paper is, in a way, a reply to the article on "Cecil Rhodes' Responsibility," in the March Number of the REVIEW. It is a brilliant woman's fervent and impassioned defence of the most interesting man in public life to-day. The writer takes up, point by point, the charges which have been laid at the door of "the Colossus," and refutes them one and all. She ends by stating her belief that England will one day recognize him as one of her greatest heroes, and that South Africa will be proud of him as one of the world's greatest statesmen.

In direct connection with the Princess Radziwill's article comes that on **"How England Should Treat the Vanquished Boers,"** by **Sir Sidney Shippard,** late administrator of British Bechuanaland, in which the author discusses the possible solution of the tremendous problem which will be presented to Great Britain at the close of the war.

England in the East is discussed in a series of papers on "The Rival Empires."

The first of these, a comparative study of the methods of **"British and Russian Diplomacy,"** comes from the pen of **A Diplomat,** whose brilliant reply to Sydney Brooks' article on "England and the Transvaal" will be recalled by readers of the REVIEW.

Demetrius C. Boulger, in his essay on **"The Antagonism of England and Russia,"** makes an emphatic statement that England cannot in honor refrain longer from declaring war on Russia, and **Sir Richard Temple** gives an admirable view of **"Great Britain in Asia,"** and expresses his belief in her ability to cope successfully with any combination of the powers.

This much for affairs abroad. To return to those in our own land, we have Professor **J. R. Straton's** startling reply to the question, **"Will Education Solve the Race Problem?"** Professor Straton demonstrates by statistics that, with the decrease of illiteracy among the negroes, there has been a decided increase in crime, and that this increase is greatest in the Northern States, where the best educational advantages are afforded.

The Rev. **G. W. Shinn,** in his query, **"What Has Become of Hell?"** shows that in the gradual abandonment of figurative language the idea of hell has disappeared from our theology, and **Bird S. Coler,** the Comptroller of the City of New York, discusses the **"Charter Needs of Great Cities,"** showing the faults already apparent in the Greater New York Charter, and suggesting means for avoiding like mistakes in the future.

There are many other equally important articles in the REVIEW for June, but these, we fancy, are sufficient to convince the most sceptical that here, as in no other medium, the burning questions of the day are discussed by those best fitted to handle them regardless of nationality or party.

F. H. NEWELL

Work of the Hydrographers

WATER is the most valuable mineral found in the United States, and bears the closest relations of all minerals to the health, happiness, and prosperity of the people. The law-making power did not seem to recognize its importance in relation to national prosperity, however, until 1888, when Congress appropriated $100,000 for an investigation of the water resources of the United States, and thus gave origin to the Hydrographic Division of the Geological Survey. The interest aroused in this work was largely due to the efforts of Major J. W. Powel, then director of the Survey. His chief assistant had been Mr. F. H. Newell, who was made chief hydrographer, and still holds that position. It is due to the intelligent and persistent effort of Mr. Newell and his optimistic spirit that the division now ranks as one of the most important in the scientific branch of the government.

As soon as Congress furnished the money, methods and instruments were devised for studying the water-supply, and the results at once attracted public attention, since the figures of river flow could be used not only in irrigation, but also in the creation of water-power. Investors and citizens generally throughout the United States asked that similar measurements be made not only of rivers within the arid region, but elsewhere, as in the streams of the Appalachians, where water-power could be employed through electrical transmission in manufacturing industries. This work has since suffered at times from the indifference of Congress, and in view of the limited amount of money at the disposal of the hydrographers the attempt is made each year to expend it economically, and to produce such results as will gain the confidence of the people. In some years for every dollar appropriated by Congress it is estimated that from three to five dollars in results have been obtained through making use of every facility obtainable. At the present time the annual appropriation is $50,000, this being supplemented by special appropriations for specific work, so that during the past year about $75,000 has been expended by the division.

With the appropriation mentioned, and with the assistance given by railroads, power companies, individuals, and institutions, rivers are being measured and the daily flow estimated in the United States from Maine to California. These show the extent and violence of the floods, the low-water flow, and the possibilities of storage. Reservoir sites have been surveyed in many places, and the cost of the proposed dams worked out. In many instances this work is slow and laborious, requiring the most thorough geological research. Besides the surface streams a careful study has been made of the underground waters.

The results of this work are published in various forms. An annual volume of six hundred pages or more, fully illustrated, is issued each year, giving the results of the work. In addition to these annual reports a series of pamphlets known as the "Water-Supply and Irrigation Papers" are printed, thus giving information on specific points, such as pumping water, water for irrigation, the disposal of sewage, irrigation practice, use of windmills, tests of pumps and water-lifts, and many other points of interest to farmers, engineers, or investors. The increase in the importance of this work in the eyes of the government is strikingly shown in the reports themselves. A few years ago the report of the hydrographic division of the survey was hardly more than a pamphlet.

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FINANCE
BY A. K. FISKE

SUMMER quiet in the world of finance has set in early this year, and is disturbed only by local incidents of no general importance. The United States Treasury has called in the outstanding $25,364,500 of government bonds known as the "extended 2s," that is, the old 4½ per cents. which in 1891 were extended at 2 per cent. They are to be redeemed at par and accrued interest on or before August 18. Of the whole amount $16,200,250 are held by national banks to secure circulation and $3,440,000 against deposits of public money, leaving less than $6,000,000 in other hands. There are reports of an intention on the part of the Treasury to suspend the refunding of government bonds under the act of March 14, on account of the high price to which the bonds have been pushed. The amount already refunded is something over $280,000,000, of which $260,000,000 are held by national banks. The amount paid in premiums on refunded bonds is about $28,000,000. The Secretary of the Treasury lately called for $5,000,000 of the public funds on deposit in the banks.

These operations have had no perceptible effect upon the condition of the money-market, which is one of continued ease and low rates. Call loans rule at 1½ to 2 per cent., and money loans for ninety days on good security at 3 per cent., for six months at 3½. Endorsed commercial paper is discounted at 3½ to 4 per cent. This condition, which has prevailed for some time in New York, seems to be mainly due to the abundance of currency. There has been a moderate flow to the city banks from the interior for some time, and government disbursements have exceeded receipts, so that the banks have been gaining in their surplus reserves in spite of the export of gold and an increase in deposits. The reduction of the discount rate of the Bank of England to 3½ per cent. and that of the Bank of France to 3 per cent., and the general ease of the money-market at the European capitals, have been accompanied by a weakening of foreign exchange and a cessation of the outflow of gold. The total export of that metal since it began on April 26 has been a little more than $10,500,000. The general belief now is that the tide will soon turn the other way, as the foreign demand seems to be satisfied for the time, and there must be a large balance of American credit abroad.

The plenitude of bonds and the low rates for money have had no stimulating effect upon the stock-market, which has been uncommonly dull. Its activity has been almost wholly confined to the speculation of professional traders, and their dealings have been mainly in industrial securities. It was scarcely disturbed by the suspension of a firm of brokers, Price, McCormick, & Co., with liabilities amounting to $13,000,000, though the firm was represented on the Exchange. The failure was due to large dealings in cotton, one of the members being credited with an attempt to corner the market, believing that the limited remainder of the season's supply and the demand of the mills would force an increase of price. The bold operator was unable to control the market, and the price declined.

The most conspicuous stock in the speculative market has been that of the American Sugar Refining Company, which advanced under another increase of ten points in the price of refined sugar, making the total increase 25 cents per hundred-weight within two weeks. Reports of a settlement of the sugar war continue, but appear to be unfounded, though the Arbuckles and Doschers, the chief antagonists of the "trust," followed it in advancing the price. The Mollenhauer and National companies, which have not fought the "trust" at any time, have not been refining any sugar for some time past. A little excitement, which is only incidentally financial, has been caused by the action of the American Ice Company in putting up the price of ice from thirty to sixty cents a hundred pounds on the plea of a short "crop." The company was founded last year by the consolidation of all those doing business in New York, and is known as the Ice Trust. It is a New Jersey corporation, and proceedings have been begun to prohibit it from doing business in New York on account of violation of the law against monopolies.

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Important Changes on the Pennsylvania Railroad.

With its change of time on May 27, the Pennsylvania Railroad will materially improve its through Western train service. The Southwestern Express, now leaving New York, West Twenty-third Street Station, at 7.55 P.M., will be called the St. Louis Express, and will be changed to leave at 5.55 P.M., and will be materially quickened between New York and St. Louis.

A new fast express train, called the Cleveland and Cincinnati Express, will be placed in service between New York and Cleveland and Cincinnati, to leave New York, West Twenty-third Street Station, 8.25 P.M., daily.

Mail and Express now leaving New York, West Twenty-third Street Station, at 8.55 P.M., and running to Pittsburg via Trenton Cut-off, will be discontinued as a passenger train, and will be devoted to mail and express matter only.

The Pennsylvania Limited will be materially quickened between New York and St. Louis, making it a twenty-eight-hour train, arriving St. Louis 1.00 P.M.

The Chicago and St. Louis Express will have an additional connection at Pittsburg for Chicago, via the Fort Wayne route, making the run from New York to Chicago in twenty-five hours and fifty minutes. In consideration of this quickened schedule an extra fare will be placed on this train via the Fort Wayne route.

The through New York and Atlantic City express train, now leaving West Twenty-third Street Station at 2.40 P.M., will be changed to leave at 2.55 P.M., and arrive at Atlantic City 6.15 P.M.

The New York and Princeton Special will be placed in service on week-days, leaving Princeton 8.00 A.M., arriving New York, West Twenty-third Street Station, 9.45 A.M.; leaving New York, West Twenty-third Street Station, 3.55 P.M., and arriving Princeton 5.25 P.M.

On the New York and Long Branch Railroad will be added trains

No. 289.	Leave	New York	3.30 A.M.
No. 287.	Leave	New York	2.30 P.M.
No. 279.	Leave	New York	4.20 P.M.
No. 272.	Arrive	New York	9.23 A.M.
No. 284.	Arrive	New York	9.53 A.M.
No. 702.	Arrive	New York	5.23 P.M.

making, with trains already in service, 7 trains each way, week-days, between New York and Point Pleasant via the Pennsylvania Railroad.

Trains No. 273, leaving New York 9.00 A.M., and No. 285, leaving New York 3.43 P.M., will run through to Toms River.

Trains No. 284, arriving New York 9.53 A.M., and No. 280, arriving New York 7.53 P.M., will start from Toms River.

Amboy Division trains Nos. 486 and 487 will be extended through to New York.

A large number of local changes will also be made, for which local time-tables should be consulted.

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